Chatelaine

DECEMBER, 1943 TEN CENTS

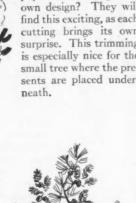
Christmas Greetings



Festive Notes By FREDA JAMES

Deck your Christmas tree with many little white paper doilies which or colored balls attached to strings. Why not start own design? They will find this exciting, as each cutting brings its own small tree where the pre-

you fasten on by punc-turing them with silver the children making their own by folding white paper and cutting their surprise. This trimming is especially nice for the sents are placed underneath.

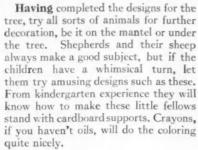


Evergreens of different varieties-hemlock, cedar, pines, from our Canadian woods-were used to create a holiday spirit long before we were surrounded with the colorful decorations of recent years. What could be lovelier than huge bunches of nicely selected greens placed in large containers, such as crocks or interesting buckets for the country Christmas and more formal arrangements in glass or pottery for the town house, placed on the floor flanking the hall, if there is space, at the top of the stairs or on the



Now that Christmas baubles are a rarity, we want to bring out

all our ingenuity and in particular the children's. Start them on cutouts for the tree. If they are good you will put them away for comparison with next year's work. These little Santa, snowman and angel cutouts are quite easy to cut out of stiff cardboard. If you know a man with a buzzsaw who will take time to do your job, all the better, as you can then have longer-lasting ones.





Sketches by LAURA GIBSON

Bits of mosquito netting, white or red, bits of leftover wools, a couple of snips with scissors and a few stitches with a large needle...you have this feminine-looking Christmas stocking ready to fill. Much more fun receiving gifts in a stocking-child or adult. White netting stitched in red or green shows off your effort and the gifts. And while talking of nets, try using huge bows of tarlatan in various gay colors for your boxes or other décor.



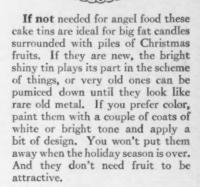
Sort your collection of evergreens for nice flat bits; try making arrangements for the front door. Two kinds give interest and are better still if you have a few large cones which can be wired to the spray. Tip cones with white paint for a frosted look—only the tips. These greens can be interspersed with sprigs of holly, if you prefer, and topped with a large bow.



Boxes of every size and shape can be made into exciting and useful gifts if you have a flair for the paint brush. If you can't think up your own designs, use cut-outs or decals and varnish over them.

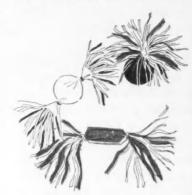
Wrappings with imagination more than make the gift. All the leftovers from last year can be used. Put two colors together, leave lots over at the ends and spend a bit of time slashing. You will have lovely plumes of color that will make even a simple apple or orange look like a million.



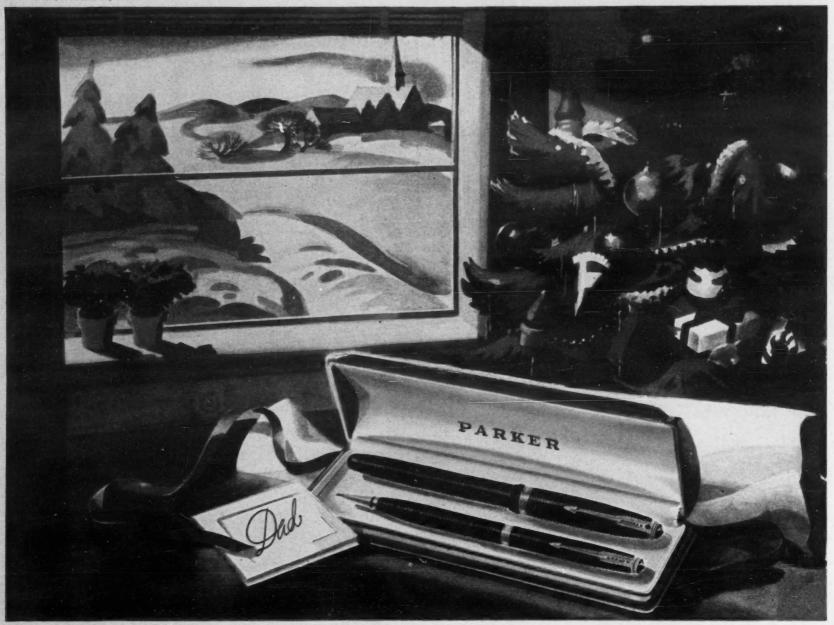




Candelabra done in wood and Scandinavian designs. If there is a man in the family who has a basement work bench, he might see fit to make these at home. Use coarse grain wood, such as fir, and oil with boiled linseed oil-several coats according to the depth you want. Add a simple design in your preferred colors and definitely you will not want to treat these as just seasonal decoration.



Another kind of basket! the ordinary fruit basket that you all have in the basement. A bit of gay design-flowers or animalslots of color-and not only the sick but the healthy will welcome their gifts in this container. You will also find that last year's wrappings will crush into shape to fill the crevices and add color and interest. This basket will probably become shopping accessory afterward.



On Christmas Morning

Make your very special friends happy this Christmas with Parker Pen and Pencil Sets or a Parker Desk. Set.

Choose the Parker Major Vacumatic Set for that most important man; ... if he is now in the armed forces the Parker Active Service Set will make him glad; ... or if it's for a lady, choose the lovely Parker Debutante Set. Whatever your choice, the superb writing quality and

matchless beauty of the Parker Pen and Pencil Sets will make it a Merry Christmas for the recipients . . . and will give them writing pleasure through all the years to come. Parker Matched Sets, Active Service Sets, Desk Sets, or individual pens or pencils may be chosen at any good pen counter. Pen prices are from \$3.50 to \$16.50; pencils from \$1.50 to \$7.50.

THE PARKER FOUNTAIN PEN COMPANY LIMITED TORONTO CANADA



and footnotes

the world of today—a poignant and moving echo of the feelings of a people at war. This book establishes Mona Gould as one of the finest poets of our time.

Last spring we had the privilege of meeting Rebecca Janney Timbres, who wrote "Where Are You Now, Polya?" At that time Mrs. Timbres was completing her post-graduate course in Public Health Nursing at the University of Toronto, before she left to take over as Director of the Meharry School of Nursing—a foundation for the training of colored people in Nashville, Tenn. Mrs. Timbres is one of those good straight-thinking American Quakers who devote their lives to the relief of suffering. Her life in Russia, which she writes about in this article, was brought to a tragic conclusion when her husband died of typhus. Her two daughters were granted annual pensions by the U.S.S.R. government in recognition of their American father's services to Russia.



Harry MacDonald designed our Christmas cover and also the flower decoration on the opening of Your Home department. He studied the fine art of flower arrangement with Constance Spry who is the leader in that field. She's the one who used rhubarb leaves to set off exotic lilies and who said thumbs down on ribbons and doodads on bridal bouquets.

The little gold cherub on our cover, Harry found in a junkshop and by adding a wooden base and a glass candleholder—presto! he had a delightful ornament. (Why don't we ever think up ideas like that?) The red cockscombs in the Christmas bouquet are garden stuff dried in the old-fashioned way of hanging them by their tails.





Carolyn Damon, our Fashion Editor, in conference with Miss Florence Pullman, Fashion Director of Simplicity Pattern head-quarters in New York city, when Carolyn took time off, a few weeks ago, for a trip to New York to look into designs for winter and spring patterns for Chatelaine. The judy beside them is wearing a test-pattern dress shortly to be presented in our pattern pages, and Carolyn is right on her toes making sure that everything about this special number fits in with the kind of thing Canadian women want these days.

Also, while she was in a dashing mood, our Fashion Editor looked the town over to see how our styles generally are ticking with New York. And, to her surprise, she found that we're not only holding our own, but we're actually telling them a thing or two. They're all in favor of the smart tailored simplicity which Canadian women have adopted almost as a war uniform. In fact, Carolyn says, it's started them thinking a whole lot about Canada.





Men Like to Dress up too!





Behold! he sees what no human eye bas glimpsed since the beginning of time

He might have stepped from the frame of a Rembrandt paint ing, this bewigged figure of a man so patiently making lenses and squinting through them.

Night after night, like a child with a new toy, Antony van Leeu. wenhoek, seventeenth century Dutch shopkeeper, hurried home to place anything and everything under his microscope: the brain of a fly, rain water, a hair, pepper, a cow's eye, scrapings from his his honor.

Then one day, behold! he sees what no human eye has glimpsed since the beginning of time. Fantastic "little animals", thousands of them to a pin-point, dart and squirm as he gazes.

Not for an instant did he suspect any of them as foes of mankind, as possible destroyers of health and life. But the enemy had at last been sighted. Man had taken his first faltering step in the war on germs.

Nearly two hundred years were to pass before the second step, a giant stride, was taken by Pasteur. He devoted his life to seeking out the microbes which he believed to be the cause of disease. In turn, his work inspired Lister to use carbolic acid in combating the almost inevitable gangrene which then followed surgery.

Soon Lister's fame as "the father of antiseptic surgery" spread across the Atlantic. No wonder that when a new, non-caustic, nonpoisonous antiseptic and germicide was discovered in St. Louis, its sponsors named it Listerine, in

Today the shining bottle and amber color of Listerine Antiseptic are as familiar to millions of people as the face of a long trusted friend. In more than sixty years of service in the fight on infection, it has day after day proved deadly to germs but harmless to tissue... well meriting its almost universal citation as "the safe antiseptic and germicide."

Lambert Pharmacal Co. (Canada) Ltd. Toronto, Ont.

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

in service more than sixty years

HRISTMAS is a day when members of families draw closer to gether. When there is laughter, talk and reunions in the warm atmosphere of home; stockings hanging on the mantel; children radiant with excitement and anticipation; carols sung loud and clear; and later, the gaily decorated table resplendent with a fat Christmas

Christmas is also a day nost-

algiabecomes acute when homes are broken up. Children, who only yesterday gazed starry-eyed at the lighted tree, are flying bombers, manning guns and standing ready for the attack. In this fifth year of war there are few homes untouched by anxiety and heartache; few families whose spirits aren't dimmed and saddened by empty places at the Christmas

Pearl Buck, in "My Neighbor," tells of the inner strength and philosophy with which her next-door neighbor, a widow whose three sons are overseas, faces Christmas Day with memories of happier years as her sole companion.

One of America's top-ranking authors, Miss Buck is best known for her stories of China, for her portrayal of the blending of new and old tradition there. Her latest book, "The Promise" which has just recently been published, is written about present-day China with many references to the Chiang Kai-Sheks, whom the natives call 'the ones above.'

In 1938 Pearl Buck was awarded the Nobel Prize for literature, the first American woman to be so honored. She is the second Nobel Prize winner to appear in Chatelaine within the last three months. Sir Norman Angell, who wrote "How Can We Ensure The Peace?" in our October issue, was awarded the Nobel Peace Prize on one

Nan O'Reilly, author of "What Love Really Is," has a quality in her writing which approaches the very best work of Edith Wharton, and will be remembered by Chatelaine readers for her dramatic 'Air-Raid Warning" last August. Nan is a close neighbor of Canada's, living in Buffalo at the present time.

Nancy Laing, one of our newest Canadian writers, makes her debut in Chatelaine with "Our Night To Howl," a charming teenage story, handled with a deft and humorous touch.





Just as delicate blue flowers grow out of the rubble and debris in the bombed areas of London, so does hauntingly beautiful poetry grow out of the grim tragedy of war. Such is the poetry of Mona Gould, whose "Ave" appears in this issue. Born in Prince Albert, Sask., Mona moved to London, Ont., early in life where she began her career in journalism. After her marriage to Graham Gould she did extensive free-lance writing, and many of her articles and poems have appeared in Canadian and English magazines.

When her husband joined the Army and was sent overseas, she moved to Toronto with her small son, and is now engaged in publicity writing for National Headquarters of the Canadian Red Cross. Her first book, published a short time ago, is a collection of poems entitled, "Tasting The Earth," which concerns itself with

















They were like Wynken, Blynken and Nod — and who ever heard of Wynken and Blynken being allowed to get off by themselves? That was what Jessica thought as they started out on their winter picnic in the mountains — but out of a blizzard and a sequence of mishaps she reached a new understanding of man's loyalty to man.

lines radiating out from his grey eyes, that by a remarkable coincidence he and Ross were in the same aquadron, and both had been picked for the course. "It's almost unbelievable, isn't it?" he beamed.

"It's almost unbelievable," she agreed weakly.

So it had been "Jessica, Philip and Ross," all over again. Take this picnic today. It was Philip's day off, but it was Ross' too. And that's why they were facing each other now on the dusty plush-covered seats of the Laurentian local, peering out of a jumble of long-handled frying pans and vacuum bottles and steamer rugs and sweaters and cameras. Three of them!

It can't go on like this, she thought desperately. I've got to do something to break it up, something to make Philip find out he loves me before he leaves for Alaska or Britain or Italy, and takes my heart along with him.

This sentimental journey back to old mountain haunts had been Ross' idea. Ross was a born promoter of celebrations. She could see him in another 25 years, faithfully returning for every Commencement Week—bald, paunchy, still single—waving pennants and wearing comic hats in the Class of So-and-So parades. The perennial adolescent.

of So-and-So parades. The perennial adolescent.
Ross had said last week, "We've got to celebrate our first day off somehow. We can't just sit home and brood because we haven't any gas. There won't be enough snow for skiing yet but—if we get off the train at Eagle Nest, it's only a couple of miles on foot to Our Spot. Philip and I will broil the steaks; Jessica—our little Margaret Bourke-White—can take pictures; and we'll find some of those midget cones for her to decorate her Christmas packages with."

Ross was pleased with his idea; Philip was pleased with Ross. Jessica looked at the two opposite and squared an otherwise pretty jaw. Four years of this! Of Ross' thoroughgoing satisfaction with Ross, and of Philip's always seconding the motion. Of course, as everyone said, Ross would give Philip the shirt off his back. But the chances were it would be Ross who'd be needing the shirt, and Philip who'd lend it to him.

She wondered if the very nicest men were always blind—stupid even—about their loyalties. She'd noticed it that first day four years ago over milk shakes at the drugstore. The pair had walked home with her to the big shabby comfortable house on the edge of the park where she lived with her big shabby comfortable family. Half-joking, half-proud, Philip had said, "Tell her what you said to the Dean when he jumped you about the dunking the sociology instructor got in Clarkson Pond." And Ross had told her.

Why couldn't Philip see through Ross? Philip, tall and grey-eyed, with a pleasant, homely, longish face, who took other people and their problems seriously, but himself and his own problems lightly. Who always chose the hard business-manager campus jobs and the hard grinding courses. And Ross, handsome Ross, who always found the snap courses and naturally gravitated centre front on any

stage. To whom applause was more necessary than eating or breathing.

Philip never did see through Ross. Only last week he'd said, "Ross, tell Jessica how near they came to sending one of your dog tags home to your folks, with a regret-to-advise-you letter." And Ross, with a deprecatory shrug, like a hero of a bombing raid accepting a decoration, told how on a recent practice flight the doors of the bomb bay had come open and he had almost fallen out of the plane. He had managed to catch himself on the edge of the opening by his fingertips, and there he dangled, with the plane too near the ground for him to parachute and too high to jump, until the pilot realized his predicament and pulled him back to safety.

Even while she was murmuring the usual, "Oh, Ross, how hair-raising!" she was aching to turn on Philip with, "Of all the careless, juvenile exhibitions! He admits he slighted inspection beforehand. You shouldn't encourage him, Philip." But she hadn't said it—not then. Today was different. She had a feeling something was going to snap today.

She might not have felt so heavy-hearted—hateful even—if only she'd known whether Philip cared for her or not. Sometimes she thought he did. But just when she began to hope, Ross would make some fond, bantering, possessive gesture toward her that didn't mean a thing. Just habit, and perverse habit at that. But it was enough to make Philip withdraw from the field completely. His flight was partly loyalty to Ross and partly honest conviction that Ross was irresistible. He couldn't conceive of any girl failing to snap Ross up like a hungry trout reaching for a Royal Coachman.

THE TRAIN was slowing for their station, a flimsy open shelter used chiefly in summer. The half-hearted sign said "Eagle Nest." As the conductor helped them off with their belongings, he warned, "Looks like the first real snow, folks. Anybody coming to meet you?"

coming to meet you?"

Ross reassured him glibly. "Don't worry about us, conductor. We're mountain broke and know enough to look for moss on the north side of trees instead of on rolling stones."

The conductor was unresponsive. He shrugged and climbed back up the steps into the warmth.

After the hot little day coach, the narrow valley was like a giant wind tunnel. Even in her woollen ski outfit with its parka hood, Jessica shivered. "Why don't we just stay here?" she asked hopefully.

Ross was shocked. "Here? In a dirty little shack, full of tourists' carvings and eggshells and paper plates? When just over a hill or two is Our Spot?"

The shelter was not appetizing. They divided their duffel and started up the steep slope. The same picnic paraphernalia which they had always blithely thrown into the back of a car grew heavier with every step. Jessica had only her camera and the vacuum bottles, but they soon weighed like granite.

bottles, but they soon weighed like granite.

The air was so cold it hurt their lungs. The pine needles splintered icily underfoot. Jessica noticed that Philip was limping.

He met her glance and apologized. "Stepped down into a hole where they're building the new barracks. Must have strained it:"

When they reached the ledge where they always picnicked, they stared in disappointment out across the deep ravine toward the Sumac Range. There was no range. There was only an immediate foreground of valley, backed by a dense cloud of storm creeping toward them that walled off everything behind it with a sinister grey censorship. It was beautiful and terrifying.

Even Ross' insistent high spirits were quenched.

Even Ross' insistent high spirits were quenched. He and Philip built a hurried fire. Jessica set out the picnic things. But the prying wind snatched everything loose, and the fire gave off no heat but flamed this way and that in crackling, fitful gusts. The steaks were half-charred, half-raw. They could scarcely hold the buns in their numbed fingers.

It was a miserable picnic. Jessica did not even open her mother's good chocolate cake. Instead she began to pack hastily.

And none too soon, she thought, as a spit of snow stung her cold nose and cheeks. But she said nothing. I'll be a good sport, she vowed. I won't sound complaining and female.

Then, just as they were ready to start, Ross who had kept up the fiction that the picnic was all a picnic should be, called out, "By golly, look at that spruce tree right over your head, Jessica!" He pointed to the tree on the edge of the cliff from whose lower branch she had hung her camera. "I won't be a minute." He made a dash for the tree, carrying the camp hatchet.

"No, Ross, please don't bother. I don't care whether I have any cones for my Christmas packages—let's get started."

She might as well have saved her breath. Ross was bent on doing a good deed, and a spectacular one at that.

"Loaded with 'em," he yelled down, beginning to hack at a tough springy branch well toward the top.
When he had finally severed it, he leaned out and shouted in mock warning, "Timberr—!" and let it fly.

Philip and Jessica jumped, but toward the tree. For in the same instant they saw what would happen. Jessica's precious camera hooked over the lower branch—the hurtling bough—the sheer drop below.

They were too late. The scraggly outspread branch, descending like the tines of a pitchfork, caught the strap of the camera—the camera Jessica had worked all one summer to buy—and branch, camera and strap shot over the ledge.

Jessica gave a moan. Ross, still pleased with himself, was obliviously descending the tree. Philip said nothing. He quietly let himself down over the edge of the cliff, without heeding her protests.

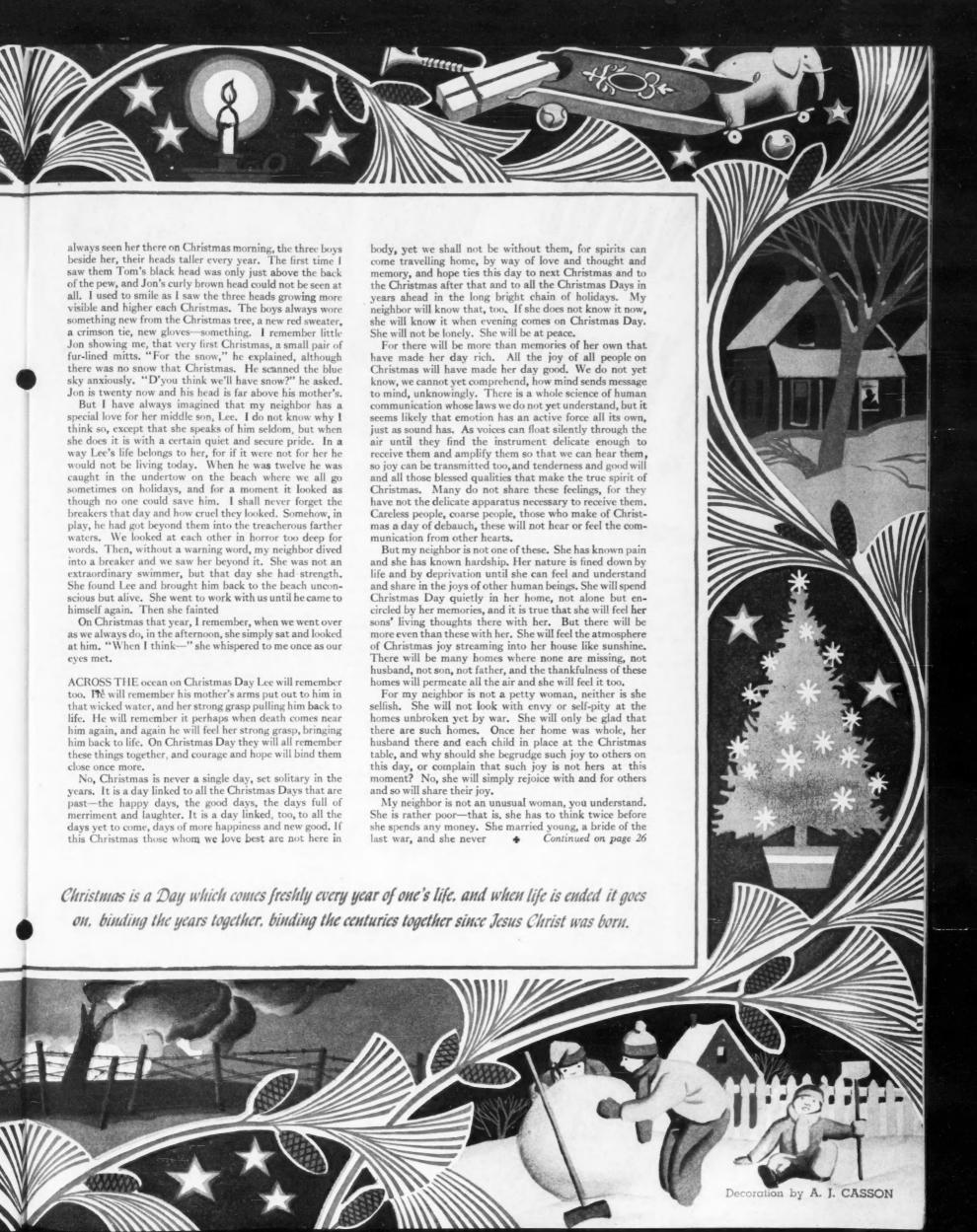
On her knees, leaning out, she saw that it was not a straight drop, though it was sheer enough, to the spot some 50 feet below, where her camera had caught and was held by a stunted cedar.

caught and was held by a stunted cedar.

"Please come back, Philip — what's an old camera?" she pleaded.

But he was stubborn. Spread-eagled against the rock face, he lowered himself, feeling with his foot for every toehold, grasping at each scrubby bush. The wind blew savagely, carrying icy gusts of snow with it.

Tense, praying, she thought the wind must surely sweep him off the face of the cliff like a piece of rubble. But he held on tenaciously Now he had reached the camera. She saw him grope until his chilled fingers closed on the strap. He paused a





gave the impression of having known each other intimately for five years. They couldn't imagine why they hadn't met before; there were only six hundred pupils in the school. They both thought Bing Crosby was swell. They both went for hot music. They agreed that skating was wonderful. This surprised Doreen somewhat, because she had never been able to persuade Sara to stay at the corner rink with her for more than a meagre half hour. She had evolved a theory that it was no good trying to get Sara to do things that she couldn't do well, better, indeed, than anyone else; but perhaps she had just been using the wrong technique. .

It wasn't long before Doreen beginning to wonder whether this was what people meant when they talked about the eternal triangle. Well, a triangle had three angles, didn't it? And she certainly felt like an angle-a very acute one at that. She tried to concentrate on her ice cream, would have been very happy if she could have crawled into the glass and dis-appeared Doreen didn't remember any more French than she had to in order to coach Sara through her exams, but she knew one phrase—"de trop." "And this is "" the though "Hara we go again" it." she thought. "Here we go again. Peter asked her once whether she didn't think Syl Apps was tops in hockey, but she was so startled at being included in the conversation that she could only mumble a reply.

"Don't you like hockey?" Peter enquired accusingly.

Doreen gulped down a large peanut and ollected her scattered wits. "Yes," she collected her scattered wits. "Yes," she admitted, "I love to see the school team play. But I don't get much fun just listening to a hockey game over the radio."

She felt her answer to be lacking in oomph. Talking to Peter Gould was like stopping in at Olympus for a chat with Zeus. It gave Doreen gooseflesh. But Peter had liked the compliment to the school team, and he looked at her with approval before he turned again

Doreen knew that this was the moment for her to bow graciously out of the picture. She could tell by the slight lift of Sara's left eyebrow in her direction. But she couldn't think of the right formula for bidding farewell to anyone so august as Peter Gould. Especially as he had forgotten that she was even there. She sat on, trying to work up an avid interest in the menu card before her. But you can't thrill over bacon and eggs when you've just had butterscotch and marsh-

Peter walked with them as far as their own corner. Standing there scuffing snow with his boot, he grinned, "Well, so long. Be seeing you around."

"So long, Pete," Sara's voice was intimately casual. Doreen said nothing, which after all seemed to be all

that was required of her.
"Doreen," Sara enlightened her, as they swung lazily along the street, "that's what I mean. Life. A fourth former. Isn't he wonderful?"
"He's nice."

"Know who I'm going to the dance with?"
"Well, honestly, Sara Masters! You've only just met him. He's probably got a girl of his own."

"No, he hasn't Tig Baines was telling me today. He's been going with her sister Rosemary and they've had a quarrel. She's given back his pin. See?"

"Still—gosh, Sara, he could go with anyone he wanted."

"Oh, I know. But the dance is two weeks off. I've got heaps of time to work on him. You'll see.'

AND DURING the next week Doreen saw. In the school library she saw Sara, in bright red jacket and plaid skirt, eagerly attentive as Peter explained to her the manly science of geometry. Doreen remembered her own futile efforts to acquaint Sara with its simpler aspects, and wondered whether Peter could really care for a girl who thought there was a connection, however obscure, between isosceles and isotherms. But then; Sara could look so terribly knowing. Sara could fool



Moral: Better to make a great sacrifice than to be the unhappy angle in one of those Eternal Triangle set-ups.



almost anyone-that is, almost any boy. She didn't care about the rest. In the halls Doreen saw Sara asking Peter to get down a book from the back of her locker-Sara played the helpless female with a finesse worthy of a Victorian heroine-joking with him as they waited their turn by the drinking fountain during morning break, running into him accidentally at corners which it had not previously been Sara's custom to haunt. When she discovered that Sara no longer had time to wait for her at noon, she felt no resentment. A hunting woman has no time to bother about the feelings of her female friends. Doreen knew that when Peter had been safely acquired, her own existence would again be recognized. After all, somebody would have to explain to Sara, before the next term test, about isotherms.

Not that she was completely ignored. She was occasionally useful. Sara, en-chanting in quilted jacket and gabardine slacks, took up skating again. Her skill was elementary, but her smile was devastating. And she somehow managed to give the impression of being a good skater while spending most of her time on the bench surrounded by ardent and exuberant admirers. Peter, swinging Doreen dexterously around the corners, growled something about lounge lizards which Doreen

didn't find altogether inappropriate.
"Sara can't help it," she explained defensively. She was still young enough to feel defensive about Sara.

"Would she-if she could?" enquired Peter grimly. Doreen was so surprised that she forgot to cut the corner. How queer of Peter to know that about Sara! But of course he was a fourth former; he knew a ot. She mumbled an apology as Peter saved them both from sudden and painful contact with the boards. It was an awful strain skating with the right wing on the hockey team.

Sara glowed. "He's super, Doreen. He says the sweetest things.

"Has he got around to the dance yet?"
"No-o. You know, Dorie, I don't think
he's ever once thought of it. Funny, isn't

"Spike asked you, didn't he? Collie Blake?"

"Yes. But of course I couldn't. Oh, Doreen, it's wonderful!" Doreen didn't have to be told what was wonderful. She could see.

That was why, the next morning, she was unprepared for the tragic note in Sara's "Doreen, the most awful thing!"

"What?" Tragic eventualities flashed through Doreen's mind. Someone else had a dress exactly like Sara's new beige wool? Sara's mother had refused to permit her daughter to wear her latest, most exotic nail polish? Mickey Rooney had retired from

the films?
"That odious Robert Kingsley is coming to park on us."

"Robert Kingsley? Who's ne?" The name suggested to Doreen something tall, slim, and with definite possibilities.

"Oh, Dorie, you know. Mr. Kingsley was bank manager here before Mr. Dobson. They used to live next door. They're coming back to town and of course mother had to go and ask them to stay with us until they get settled."

Dorcen had only vaguest memories of the Kingsley menage. She couldn't see how their advent was to be construed as catastrophic. "Well, he was all right, wasn't he?"

right? He had a band on his teeth and freckles all over his face and his hair stood on end and he kept guinea pigs and his nails were + Continued on page 42





ARA idly stirred her straw in the creamy depths

of her double dip chocolate malted.
"I don't think," she said calmly, "that I'll go to the Christmas dance with Spike."

Absorbed in the mellow repleteness of too much butterscotch and marshmallow, her bosom friend

considered this.
"Well," she enquired practically, "has he asked you?"

"Oh—that!" Sara retorted with fine unconcern. "That doesn't matter."

Doreen belonged to the large class of nondescript maidens to whom that mattered a good deal. "If he hasn't asked you," she insisted, "I don't see how you can decide whether you'll go with him or not. I mean-

Sara unwound her legs, rubbed them absentmindedly to restore circulation, and rewound them. "Don't be a dim bulb. If I want him to ask me

I'll make him, that's all. You don't think that would be hard, do you?"

Doreen, to whom it would have been not only hard. but impossible, breathed a sigh compounded of envy and admiration. One flicker of Sara's extravagant lashes, one casual remark in her come-hither voice, and Spike Holmes, or any other boy in Grade XI, was just so much malleable clay in Sara's hands. Doreen usually accepted Sara's conquests philosophically. But she remembered that Spike was a boy who could stand up to Mr. Caldwell, the science master, in an argument, and make his voice heard at class meetings. She didn't see why he had to become so completely plastic where Sara concerned. Didn't it show a certain regrettable spinelessness, unworthy of the

male sex, but only too apparent in its Grade XI representatives? Doreen's ideals were all the higher as

her practical experience was limited.
"Well," she pursued, "why don't you want him?"
"Oh, I don't know." Sara surveyed the rackety crowd in Tovell's drugstore with an expression that would have suggested ennui in anyone older than fourteen. In spite of practicing before her mirror until her young sister Dot enquired whether she were coming down with lockjaw, Doreen had never been able to achieve it. "You know, Doreen, he's awfully young. Everybody in XIA's awfully young. I don't think they know much about Life. I think it's time

we started knowing about Life, don't you?" Doreen, whose idea of Life was a place on the basketball team and an Alan Ladd movie every Friday night, was yet accustomed to agreeing with Sara. And she knew that Sara wasn't talking about either basketball or Alan Ladd. "Well,-maybe," cautiously. "Do you think you'd-like it? I mean if

you did find out about it?"
"Of course," affirmed Sara. "Of course I would. Why-

SUDDENLY she stopped, blue eyes very wide open behind their extravagant lashes. She gripped Doreen's arm and Doreen obediently turned her head to peer down between the tables. Pursuing a leisurely way toward them, she observed Peter Gould, fourth former, basketball captain, and treasurer of the Students' Association at Dunnvale High. Doreen admired him, much as she admired Winston Churchill and Robert Taylor. He was one of the truly great of her world. But of course he wasn't quite human.

Sara became absorbed in her milk shake again. She spread her elbows rather more than she would have been allowed to do at home. Then she spread them even more. When Peter Gould came opposite their table she spread them so far that she knocked her chemistry notebook onto the floor.

Peter picked it up, He also retrieved the various papers that had fallen out of it. It took him some time.

Sara leaned down toward "Oh!" she breathed, him. "that was stupid of me. Thank you so much. shouldn't have bothered." She made no effort to take the book. She just smiled at him, moving back in the corner.

Peter looked around. The drugstore was crowded with the greater and lesser lights of Dunnvale High, and the din was terrific. He might have sat in half a dozen places, but he looked down at Sara, who was wearing a bright yellow jerkin and a yellow bow in her hair and who was gazing at him with That Look,

"Say," said Peter, "room for another here? This joint's awful crowded." And for another here? he sat down beside Sara.

Within the space of five minutes Peter and Sara



Sara somehow gave the impression of being a good skater while spending most of her time on the bench surrounded by admirers.





Wing Officer Willa Walker heads the RCAF Women's Division in Canada. She was one of the first WD fledglings two years ago. Her husband has been a prisoner of war in Germany since the operations in France in 1940.

CWACs and Quack Junior can't be wrong. According to the girls, she's "tops," while the duck mascot, so they tell you, literally used to eat out of her hand. As one girl put it, "We're really too fond of her. Before I joined up I thought it would be awful to have to call anyone 'Ma'am.' Now there's nothing we wouldn't do for her."

This attitude gets confirmation at Army Headquarters. "She's as popular with the CWACs as—well, as General Montgomery is with the 8th Army," says another colonel, a man this time.

Colonel Kennedy has an Army hut for her office, a small frame building tucked behind the overshadowing office blocks of the Defense Department. Not a rug adorns the floor. No fancy furniture. Just office chairs, desks and filing cabinets. To warm things up, somebody thrusts a stick of wood into the Ouebec heater.

For all its simplicity, the hut is a cosy place, and one of the busiest in the Canadian Army. From it, Colonel Kennedy supervises all CWAC training. It's a miniature power station, with the Colonel for a dynamo. Her height is only 62 or 63 inches, but every one of those inches is packed with energy. She can work all day and half the night at a speed that is tiring just to watch; then, for a spot of recreation, tackle a job she didn't find time to do earlier—and turn up at 8.45 next morning, brisk and beaming as if she had slept the clock round.

Colonel Kennedy lacks one thing. She has no swank. She has talked with kings when they visited Ottawa, but she calls her girls by their first names. She terms herself a strict disciplinarian, but never orders anyone around. When she wants to give instructions to a private working in her office, she gets up and goes over to the girl's desk instead of calling her or thumbing the bell-push.

She is a practical, matter-of-fact person. Her concern is to turn out CWAC members who are as efficient as hard work can make them. When candidates in either the basic or officers' training course succeed in reaching the stiff standards she sets, as likely as not she will order the requirements raised a notch or two for the next batch

Yet the last thing this stickler for discipline and efficiency wants to do is to turn girls into machines. She is anxious for them to enjoy their service and get something out of it which they will find worth while for the rest of their lives.

Joan Kennedy is a crack shot and used to ride the range on the Alberta ranch to which her * Continued on page 45

Why Our Women Must Fight An All-Out War

by Joseph Wechsberg

TF YOU were ordered to surrender your fur coat and woollen stockings; to work, without pay, seven hours a day on the nearest farm; to do your neighbor's housework and tend her children; to abandon a dress "when it is used up and not when it becomes unfashionable;" to get married and have a child or lose your job; to forego your permanent wave; to serve a three-year prison sentence for violating the black-out regulations—you'd merely be doing what every woman in Germany or Japan has long come to consider a matter of course.

We are supposed to be fighting an allout war in which every man, woman and child is essential to victory. Allied leaders are saying that to win the war in the shortest possible time, we must muster all the strength we possess. Our fighting men must out-fight the enemy's troops; our war workers must outwork the German and Japanese worker and their slaves in the occupied countries; our civilians must beat the enemy's home front; and our women-at home, at work in factories, in the armed forces must put themselves in competition with women in similar occupations in the enemy countries. German and Japanese women are fighting an all-out war.

Germany's women were to a large extent responsible for Hitler's unique rise to power. They were his most fanatic followers. When the beloved Fuehrer said to the women's convention of the Nazi Party Congress, as early as Sept. 8, 1934, "We do not consider it right that the woman should intrude into the world of the man; our program for women has but one point: the child," the German women were cheering

wildly. They were told to stay at home and bear more children; they were discouraged from college education; they were admonished to stick to the slogan "Kueche, Kinder, Kirche" (kitchen, children, church); they were made slaves; and still they kept cheering the Fuehrer.

But the Nazis' proclaimed hostility to nondomestic activities of women didn't keep them from reversing their policy completely when womanpower was needed to stem the growing labor shortage. The decree of Dec. 23, 1938, required every young woman under 25 years to serve a "Duty Year" of housework in a family with several children, before entering any trade or occupation. That was the first step; soon German labor mobilization became a ruthless exploitation of women.

Agricultural labor service became compulsory by decree of September 4, 1939. All women from 17 to 25, not fully engaged in any occupation or occupational training, were thereby subjected to a call for agricultural work. They live in groups of 50 in the Labor Service's 600 camps in 13 administrative districts from where they are sent to neighboring farms, where they are forced to work "at least seven hours a day," without pay, "performing any household and farm work assigned to them by the farmer or his wife." Thus the Nazis are killing two birds with one stone: the farmers, especially those with small children, are getting inexpensive help; and the girls, being under constant control, can be educated in "National Socialist doctrines."

As early as 1939 each German woman of working age, married or unmarried • Continued on page 40

Yes, we're winning, but the hard road from this point forward can be shortened if every woman on the American Continent will put herself in frank competition with Frau Krause in Germany and Mrs. Setsuma in Japan. Here are the facts concerning their war effort.

TERRIT Ladies-in-Chief by Rosa L. Shaw

IN CANADA there are five of them—five women who are senior officers—commanding the 31,000 girls in the armed services. They have a place in history, for never before have Canadian women worn the insignia of a wing officer or a lieutenant-colonel or a naval commander. Male O.C.'s of like rank are, when out of earshot, frequently known to their subordinates as The Old Man, but no comparable term has as yet been devised by the girls in khaki and the two blues. To these Ladies-in-Chief, "old" simply wouldn't apply, either in point of age or from the angle of long service; for they, like the girls they command, have entered a brave new world. They have been chosen for their special abilities to discharge duties of great public responsibility. They are making good. And they are, all five of them, interesting personalities.
"How would you describe your temperament?" a fellow officer once asked the

colonel.

"Explosive!"

This was not Colonel Blimp seeing himself for an instant through the eyes of his creator. The colonel was a lady. And she cracked her reply with what, on the face of anyone less exalted than the first feminine GSO 1 in the Canadian Army, would be called a grin.

Lieut.-Col. Joan Catherine Barbara Kennedy could have her joke, but 14,000



The Canadian Women's Army Corps has three senior staff officers. Above: Lt.-Col. Joan Kennedy, driving a jeep.

Right, above: Lt.-Col. Margaret Eaton, an Assistant Adjutant General who is in charge of CWAC administration.





Below: Lt.-Col. Mary J. Dover, commandant of the CWAC basic training centre located at Kitchener, Ontario.



What Love Really Is by Nan O'Reilly

ILLUSTRATED BY MACHTEY

HE FOUND her hands unsteady and held them tightly against the soft fur of her coat. Ste-phen's long body, his long face with its kind but firm mouth, were very clear there beyond the car window, as he stood on the curb.
"Of course!" she heard herself saying. "But you

know an Opening always bores you, darling! What with the female chatter and all!" She was ashamed of that devious rejection, more ashamed when he answered a little dully: "Well, maybe a nap would be better-see you later then!"

Gibbs drove her away, but the small sense of shame stayed with her all the way to the Gallery. Nevertheless, this was something she had to do alone.

She walked into the excited cacophony of sound that was always a part of a smart exhibit, and that seemed a little higher than usual because this one-man show of Stewart's was a truly important event. She did not speak to anyone, but walked between groups as if she were alone, walked slowly but directly toward the centre wall where a small canvas hung.

Such a small picture to be hung so importantly, lighted so beautifully. In it a laughing girl held out a pair of red-mittened hands to some invisible companion. Her dark head was thrown back, her eyes were all light and happiness. The background was shadowy, but if you knew Versailles, you saw that this was the Temple of Love in the park. There were the familiar allées of trees and the fountains playing. The woman looked stiffly, mechanically, down at her catalogue. "22—Isabelle."

She turned, still seeing no one, walked from the room and into the office.
"Mrs, Wallace!" the clerk said eagerly. "Can I do

something for you?"
"I should like to buy the picture marked 22," she

said evenly.

"Now?" he asked a little stupidly.

"Yes, now."

He took a list from a drawer, then looked up, his eager young face gone disappointed and confused. "I'm terribly sorry, Mrs. Wallace. That particular picture isn't for sale. It's the only one that isn't But suppose I go out and get Mr. Stewart? If you'd talk with him, he might change his mind."

For an instant something like panic came to the

steady eyes in her beautiful proud face, but she answered almost at once: "No, never mind, thank you. Perhaps I'll find something else I like as well."

She walked out of the Gallery into the early winter's dusk. Gibbs sprang down and opened the door.

"I'm going to walk, Gibbs," she said.
"It's getting dark, madam."

She glanced down at her watch. She did not look like a woman who walked, this tall expensively got up

woman in her fur coat, the sparkle of diamonds at her throat and wrist. "It isn't five yet," she said, and walked away from Gibbs' disapproval.

SHE WALKED for over half an hour without direction or thought and then found herself in an unfamiliar street, tired and confused. She looked up and down the street for a taxi but saw none. She walked into a tearoom, sat down at a corner table. "Tea and toast, please," she said. All about her were shop girls and stenographers eating quickly, people not of her world. Beside her on the wall was a gum machine with a small mirror in its front. In the mirror she could see her own face. It was a truly beautiful face and she recognized the fact as if the woman were some stranger. Why hadn't that woman seen Jefferson Stewart? she asked herself. Why hadn't she, when for 15 years all she had wanted of life had been just

Someone put a nickel in the juke box in the corner. By some freak of chance, into the hot smoke-filled restaurant came floating the haunting, nostalgic voice of Hildegarde singing, "The Last Time I Saw Paris."

She looked down at her clasped hands on the table's edge, hands well groomed, at the star sapphire gleaming next to the wedding ring . . . She did not see them. She saw two hands in red mittens held out to a boy whose name was Jeff Stewart.

ISABELLE HEATH, schoolbooks dangling, yellow sweater a little awry, came into the dining room like a whirlwind, rubbed her cheek against her father's, murmuring: "Um, you smell nice-nice and antiseptic!" dropped into her chair and dug into her grapefruit. "Think I'll marry a doctor," she said after the first mouthful.

"About the time you'd missed your third party because he had to deliver a baby, you'd change your mind," her mother said. "And do you have to wear that sweater, Isabelle? Where's your blue blouse?"

"Oh, it's art class today-I have to wear a smock anyway," she said carelessly. Then her face began to glow. "Oh, you should see the head I'm doing, dad! It's good, really good. Gosh, what I'd give for a year in Paris!"

"What would you give?" Her father's kind eyes behind the pince-nez were suddenly serious

"Everything! My bike, my evening cape-my

debut—oh, that, certainly! Everything!"

But he didn't laugh. He said: "It's yours for nothing, darling."

She stared at him. Her mother said: "It's your graduation present, Are you pleased? We'll go in September.

'We?"























WARM THEM UP WITH GOOD HOT SOUP

Youngsters love Campbell's Vegetable Soup -Mother relies on its rich beef stock and many garden vegetables



When meat is scarce Why should I care This Campbell's Soup Is hearty fare.

When the children rush in, cold, hungry and in a hurry, that's the time for big, steaming bowls of their favourite soup. Not just because it "tastes good" and they eat up every spoonful-but also because of the many good things that make it so soundly nourishing.

The stock, you see, is simmered from fine beef, till it's rich and hearty and fullflavoured. The vegetables are bright and tender-just the sort you would buy for your own soup kettle-only where you might use just a handful Campbell's use

over a dozen different kinds. Luscious, red-ripe tomatoes, tender young peas, green lima beans, sweet golden corn and many more-ready and waiting to tempt and delight cold weather appetites.

Especially now, when serving nourishing meals is more of a problem than ever, you'll want to build lunch and supper often round big bowls of Campbell's Vegetable Soup. For, as mothers who know will tell you, it's so soundly nourishing, it's "almost a meal in itself".

Eampbells, vegetable soup

TAKE PART OF YOUR CHANGE IN WAR SAVINGS STAMPS. Invest in victory, by buying ALL the War Savings Stamps and Certificates you can. You'll be glad you did when the boys come marching home!



by Rebecca Janney Timbres

A PEASANT woman, framed by the doorway of our apartment, was Russian looking at me intently. Tendrils of light brown hair curled over the edge of a head scarf tied beneath the chin. A native of the Marii State, she showed her Hungarian-Finnish ancestry in her high cheekbones, wide-set blue eyes, stocky figure and fresh complexion. She might have been any age from forty to fifty.

I smiled at her, and invited her to come in. She slowly unfastened a padded winter coat, and I saw she was wearing a store dress instead of the usual native homespun. Her feet were encased in heel-less felt boots. Slowly she took off her black knit mittens, put them in her pocket, glanced quickly over the apartment, and then accepted my invitation to sit down, saying abruptly, "You're Rebecca Edwardovna, aren't you?" I replied in Russian, "That's true." She smiled for the first time, and then remarked, "Well, I've come to take your place!" I gasped, thinking of our hard-won apartment. visitor looked startled, then burst

into laughter.

"Your face, Rebecca Edwardovna! No-you are needed at the clinic. Why should you, a nurse that is trained, have to stay in the apartment to clean and cook and do the laundry and be with the children when they come back from school, when I can do that just as well as you, if not better? Will you tell me that? Hasn't your husband been shouting for a microscopist? Can I help him? No! Didn't you ask the union to find you a home-keeper so you could nurse? Yes, you did. Now I've come. You don't need to be nervous. I've raised children, and even have a grand crop of grandchildren. Can you give me forty rubles a'month and meals? Good. We'll start right now. Get your things on, and scurry!"

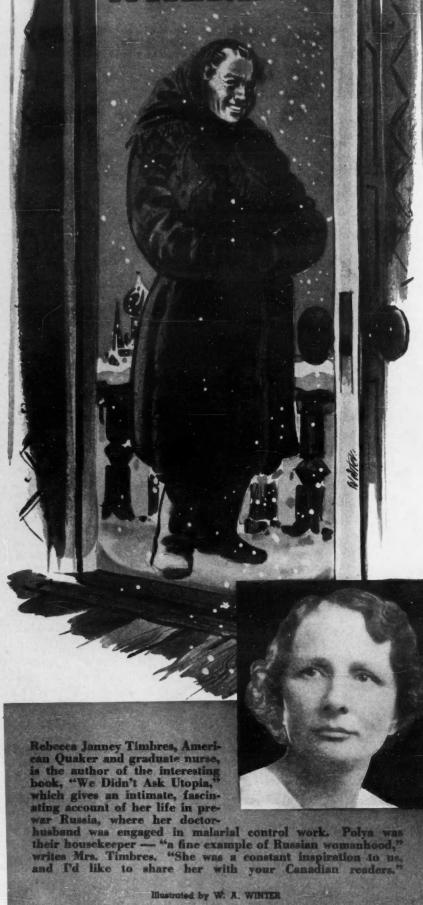
From that time Polya took charge of our family. There were four of us. My husband was a doctor holding the post of assistant chief medical officer for malaria control and prevention in the town of Marbumstroy, a community of eighteen thousand people where, four years previously, there had been a village of four hundred. The heart of all activity was the paper mill which was in the process of construction. A large well-equipped

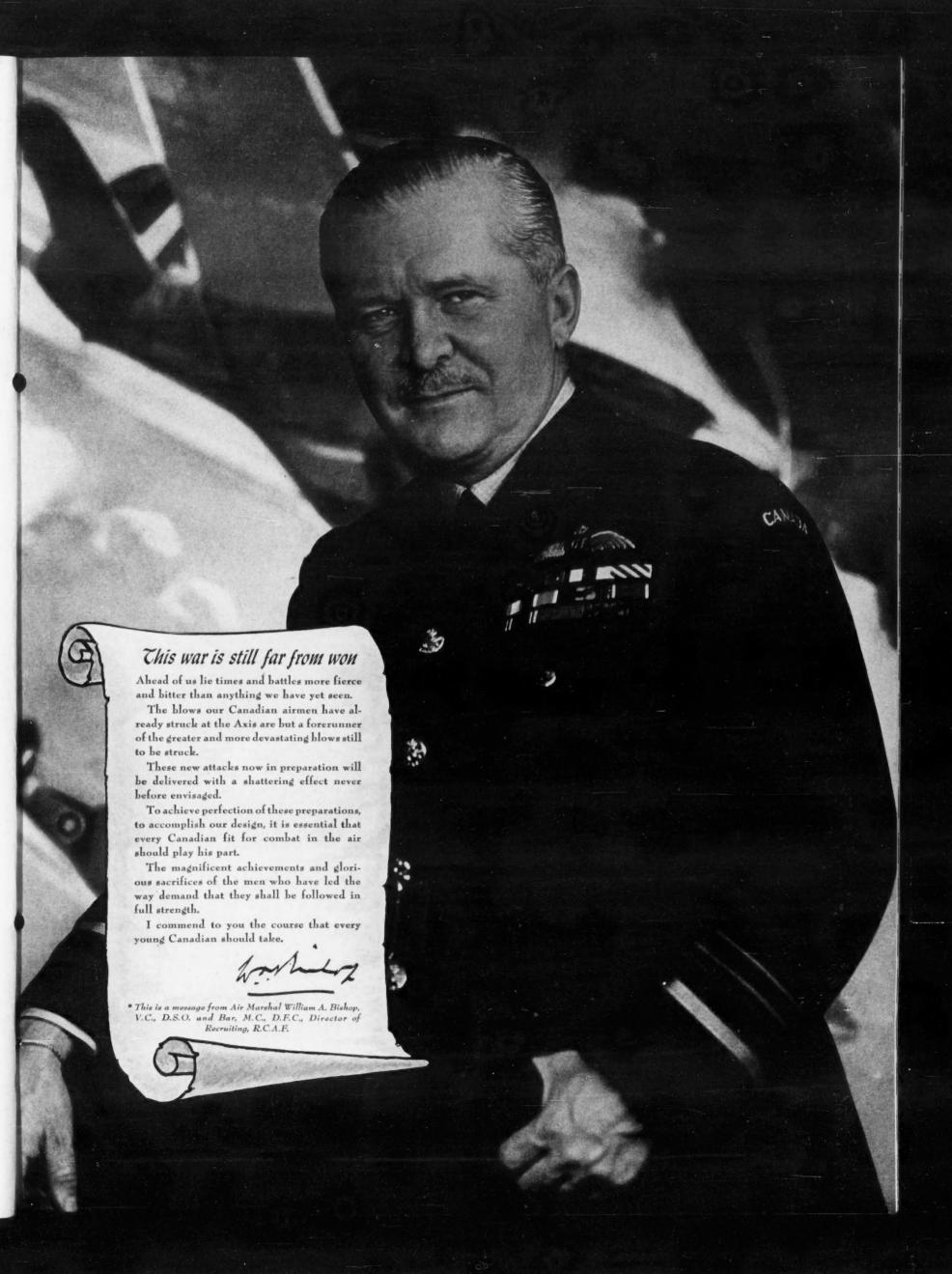
school was located in the town, and the club house, laundry, bath house, 72-bed hospital and clinical dispensary were in constant use. As soon as we arrived, the first of October, 1936, we put our two daughters, Nicky, aged twelve, and Nadya, eight, directly into the Russian school. It took them some months to learn the language, and for a time, we were the only Englishspeaking people among thousands of Russians. Polya corrected our grammar, laughed gently or up-Polya corrected our roariously at our mistakes, and was our perpetual guide and mentor. She guarded our interests jealously, both material and ethical, as the following episodes will illustrate.

Thieves were very much on Polya's mind in spite of the fact that we heard of only two robberies during all the months we lived in the community. She was not worried for herself, but for us. One day we found that she had locked "Amelia" in. We had been able to buy half a cow in the district, had hung her in the attic, and with great affection had named her Amelia. Little by little, she became diminished in size. We had no refrigeration problem as it was 38 degrees below zero part of the winter. When Amelia was small enough, we put her in a steamer trunk, and decided to keep her on our Alpine verandah. Said Polya, 'I'm taking no chances. If anyone knew about this, they might covet her." When we came back from the clinic one night, we found that Polya had driven nails straight through the bottom of my precious steamer trunk into the porch floor, had put Amelia in, locked the lid, and then covered the top with fragrant pine boughs, creating a beautiful and spicy camouflage which was a perpetual delight as the aroma (pine-needle, not Amelia) drifted in to us day and night.

WE HAD been bathing from copper bowls. One day Polya announced that the time had come for the women of the family to use the next "free day" (holiday came, not on Sunday necessarily, but every sixth day) for a "real bath." Sure enough, come free day, she herded the three of us half a mile to the women's side of the public bath Proudly she paid our

Continued on page 47





EXCITING!

Softer, Smoother Skin

with just One Cake of Camay



Lovely Camay bride, Mrs. John Parkinson.

Your first cake of Camay does it!

■ Isn't it exciting to think-to know-that your skin can have glorious new freshness! Softer, sweeter appeal! It can, with just one cake of Camay. Yes-with your very first cake of Camay! Simply go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet!

Remember - skin specialists advise a Mild-Soap Diet! They know this mild cleansing actually helps skin look lovelier. Camay is so wonderfully mild, it cleanses your skin without irritation! And oh, the lovely new softness and freshness that come to your skin!

So make this change to proper mild care-to the Camay Mild-Soap Diet! Day-by-day - with one cake of Camay - a fresher glow, softer beauty will come to your skin. Once you see your lovelier Camay complexion, you'll want to stay on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet!

TONIGHT-GO ON THE



Feel the wonderful Camay mildness! Rinse warm. If your skin is oily, splash cold.

Mild Camay cleanses skin without irritation!

What Love Really Is :: Continued from page 15

coat? Where should she get materials? What was she supposed to do? She was suddenly frightened. Then, as she looked about her in her fright, she saw Jeff Stewart.

She saw first his hollow cheek, the fine brow and nose, then the tousled hair and scowl that meant an utter frenzy of concentration. Then he looked around at her standing helplessly with hat in hand. He jerked a dirty thumb across the room and said: "Put 'em Supplies down at that end.' After that he grinned and said: "Hello."

He gave her, with that grin, Bohemia. She was no longer alone. She gathered charcoal and the necessary tools, sat down at her easel. A bored-looking model stood on the platform. She began to sketch with the rest. She was in Paris.

"You know that's not bad—not bad at all for a first go," the tall boy said. He was pulling off his smock and running his hand through his dark hair. Then he gave her that quick exciting grin again and said: "I'll take you to the Dôme. But you'll have to buy your

A whole morning had gone by like a breath. They sat in the sunlight outside the cafe, drinking an apéritif. A golden September glow lay over the old streets. Isabelle took off her hat, laid it on one of the iron chairs and said: "It's really

"What's really true? Studying with Dubrule?" She didn't seem to have to explain anything to him. "You won't stick it though. Your kind never does." "My kind?"

"You've got too good clothes. There are a lot of girls like you who come over here just because it's swanky to say they've studied art in Paris Too bad, though, for you have got something. Your drawing's terrible, but you're got a lot of strength—for a girl."

"I'm not like that," she said fiercely. "I'm not like that at all. It's just that mother thinks I ought to dress like this!'

"And you're a good little girl and always do what mother says!" he said a little scornfully, but his eyes liked her.

That was the beginning. The beginning of what? Of something so good and serious and sweet that the whole world seemed made of light. Work, steady and hard. The smell of the studio, of paint and charcoal and dust. The table at the Dôme, the careful dividing of the bill. The long talks about art and life. The morning when Dubrule stood by her easel, picked up the charcoal and made a few rapid, powerful strokes over hers, looked at her from under beetling brows as if he were looking past her streaked cheek, her straggling hair, her strained anxious eyes, inside her to the source of her power, and said: "Pas mal. Travaillez ferme"

"I'll take you to a Russian place I know for tea," Jeff said. "I can't afford it, but when Dubrule says: 'Pas mal,' it's time to shoot the works!"

They sat in a dim tearoom on the rue de Rivoli and drank Russian tea and ate Russian cakes.

'If only you can stick it," he said suddenly.
"Why do you always say that—as if I wouldn't?"

"Because I feel that way. It's what

you tell me about your mother and your life. I just feel you'll never paint, that's all."

"But I will," she said stubbornly. "I'll paint better than you."

"No, I don't think you will," he said,
"him her face slowly. "I don't searching her face slowly. "I don't think you have the ruthlessness, Isabelle. You have to be so hard. You can't let your heart rule your head. My family were against Paris, too, you know. I was supposed to go into the firm with my father. The old story, not very interesting. But I was hard, though I'm as fond of my family as any,

"I'm hard too," she said, though even as she spoke she seemed to hear her mother's implacable voice and see her father's gentle, loving, tired eyes.
"I wonder," he said only.

SHE LEFT him at the edge of the Luxembourg Gardens. Her happiness, which had been so high, so deep, so unutterably rich when she'd gone into the tearoom, was dimmed. She felt alone and hurt. The trees were leafless now, but in the cold late afternoon the children still rolled their hoops and young men with large black hats and flowing ties walked the bare paths, their voices hot in discussion. But they were suddenly not part of her any more. Only ghosts were with her, the ghosts of all the artists who had brought here their raptures and their despairs. He didn't believe she would stick it out. But I will! I will! she kept saying over and over to herself, pushing away the frightening sense of inadequacy that pressed at her heart.

"You're late, Isabelle," her mother said a little sharply. "I counted on some time for shopping this afternoon. I want to begin to get your clothes together for next winter."

'Next winter?"

"Why, yes. I've seen a dress that I think will be just right for your party." But I'll be here, she told herself firmly, and wondered why she did not

say it aloud. I'll shop tomorrow," she said dully. She went up and wrote a letter to her

father, trying to say to him what she

had not been able to say to her mother. "You'd like Jeff," she wrote. has a lot of the virtues you swear byindustry and perseverance and not caring about his own comfort. Mother thinks he's just another long-haired artist, but he isn't that at all. He's very good-at art, I mean. He's tops at the atelier. He works like a dog and everyone believes he's going to be a great artist. You'd really like him, dad Dad, I'm quite good, too. Dubrule praised me today and he doesn't praise

But even after she had written that, she still felt lonely and frightened.

The morning was bright and sun-washed, and courage flooded her heart again. It rose, sweet and soaring and sure when Jeff said: "If the weather holds out, how about a pienie in Versailles tomorrow?"

"I'd love it!" she said. "I'll get them to put us up a lunch at the pension. But couldn't we go to Fontainebleau? I've never been there—or to Barbizon?"

"No. It's too far. Besides, I want to + Continued on page 21

show you the trees in the park. Without their leaves they have a sculptural quality you'll love

'Wouldn't the trees at Fontainebleau

have a sculptural quality?"
"No, they're all bunched together," he said stubbornly.

So it was Versailles.

But first there was this day to go through, the shopping, the waiting.

"But, mother-I don't need all these!" she protested.

"You will, darling," her mother said firmly. "And they're half what I'd pay for them at home." for them at home.

"But can dad afford it?" she asked She thought of Jeff's desperately. shabby clothes and of what this money would mean to him.

"He gave me money expressly for your clothes," her mother said. Isabelle aw herself in a cloud of pink tulle and she was lovely. She smiled suddenly at herself in the glass and her mother smiled, too, as if she were pleased.

"I'm going on a picnic tomorrow," she announced abruptly, as if she had to break the spell of the pink dress.
"A picnic? Where? With whom?"

"With Jeff Stewart-to Versailles." "With Jeff-again? Really, Isabelle,

aren't there any other boys you can play around with?"

She began to evade. "Oh, I suppose so," she said with indifference. boys are all alike to me-we're just going to see the sights and sketch a little

"Well, don't be late. We're going to the opera tomorrow night."

They sat in the Temple of Love at Versailles. They ate their bread and cheese, washing it down with thin red It was cold and only a guard strolled by occasionally, glancing at them tolerantly as he made his chilly circuit.

"You're right about the trees, Jeff," she said. "I wouldn't mind being a skeleton if I could look like that. Dad used to have a skeleton in his office."

"You've got good bones," Jeff said. "Very good bones.-I'll sketch you."

"I wanted to do the trees," she said. "The light won't last long."

Never mind the trees," he said, pulling off her hat. He started to pull off the red mittens.
"No!" she said. "I won't freeze my

hands!"

He grinned and said: "All right. Hold still. Hold your head up!"
She laughed and held her head up. He

blew on his fingers and began to make quick bold strokes,
"You'll make a handsome skeleton,"

he said. She came and leaned over his shoulder and her heart quickened at the girl on the paper.

"I don't want to be a skeleton—ever," she said. "I want to be as I am now—forever." forever.

Her cheek was close to his and suddenly he had dropped the sketch and drawn her down beside him, kissed her as only the young and alive can kiss.

"Oh, Isabelle, Isabelle," he said. "I'm so poor! It'll take me so long!"

I don't mind being poor," she said. "I don't care about money or clothes or any of those things-and I can wait forever!"

"Can you, darling? Can you?" He smoothed back her dark hair, moved his thin sensitive fingers over her face, took one of the red-mittened hands and held it against his cheek.

Chatelaine, December, 1943 - 21 It was dark when they reached the

rue de Grenelle. He handed her the picnic basket in silence.

"I never did get to draw the trees," she said in a sad little voice, but she wasn't sad, not really. She was so happy that she had to be a little sad somewhere or she couldn't have borne her happiness.
"See you tomorrow," he said.

SHE HAD never seen him again. That was all there had been to it, absolutely all. She came into their room and her mother was packing.

"Whatever are you doing?" she asked. "We're leaving for Italy on the midnight train," her mother said, "The Thompsons wired while you were out, They want us to meet them in Florence for Christmas."

'Italy?" she said flatly.

"Yes. It's a wonderful chance, really. And my bones are beginning to feel this cold damp house.'

"But my class, mother. Isn't my class what we came for? I haven't been playing a game, mother."

"You can go on with your art at home. Though I must say I think art's the least of your concerns right now, Isabelle . . . However, we are going to Italy. I want you to know what the world is like, not just some small corner of Paris."

But my world is some small corner of Paris! You can't do this to me! I won't

go! You can't make me go:
"Mother, I'm doing well at school.

Leave me here while you go to Florence."

"Nonsense, my dear! Florence is part of your education as much as Paris is. Perhaps we'll come back here later. Now, come, get your things together. We haven't much time."

Her voice was friendly enough, but inflexible.

I must see bim. I can't go like this. I can't. Where does he live? I don't even know where he lives.

She sent him a pneumatique to the studio. She took the midnight train for Florence.

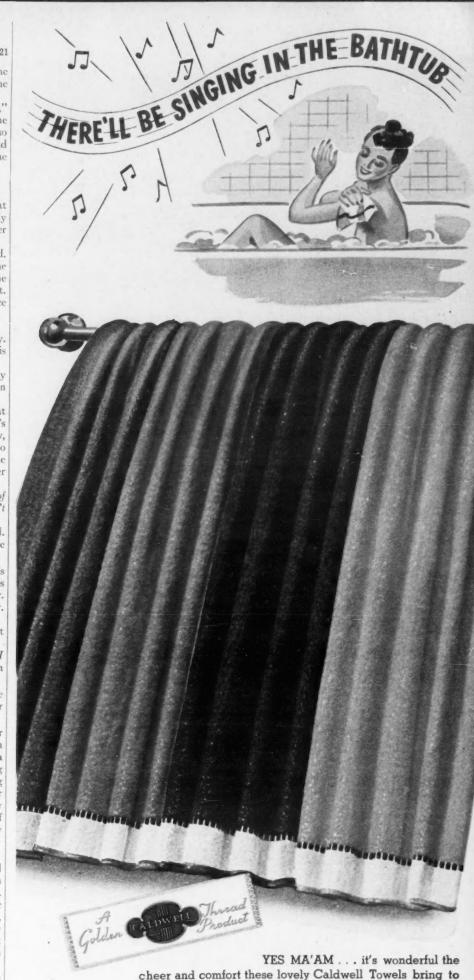
Florence. Florence was her mother playing bridge with three American women. Florence was walking out of a church on Christmas Day, wandering alone in streets she did not see, feeling the cable from her father and the letter from Jeff in her pocket. Jeff's silly lovely letter, with the terrible picture of the heart cut from some old physiology

'My darling,

I couldn't send you my heart. I need it to push me around this sad old town that seemed so gay while you were here. But I send you an exact photographic copy of the organ. Only a cardiograph, though, could show you how peculiarly it's been acting. Certain words cause it to bound and then almost stop—words like Isabelle, the Dome, Versailles It misses you so, Isabelle. Even art has gone stale without you. A horriblelooking gal is working at your easel, but she seems to know her stuff. I do not take her out to lunch. Incidentally, Dubrule kissed me on both cheeks this morning. He smelled terrible, but they say the kiss is his highest accolade. And then, after jokes and news about the studio, he said: "I love you. I'll love you forever."

She stood in the street, staring blindly

+ Continued on page 2;



the bathroom. They're in the colours you love . . . luxury-More for them . . . less soft and always as thirsty as can be. It means a lot these for you - Towels and days to know you're buying something that's going to be more towels are needed both beautiful and useful for a long, long time. for our Armed Forces. If, sometimes, you find FLUFF bath towels do not iron Caldwell towel stocks Towel care AVOID oversoiling and stains and colours are low ... Saves wear

that's the reason.

Caldwell BATH TOWELS . DISH TOWELS . TABLE CLOTHS . HUCK TOWELS

Have a "Coke" = You're home again



... or how to welcome sons on furlough

When your boy returns on furlough, what will please him most? Countless letters from our fighting sons tell us. Next to his girl, it's the old accustomed things, -his favourite chair, his pipe, his dog, his radio . . . and ice-cold Coca-Cola.

From all around the world our men constantly write how much they miss "Coke" or, finding it, how much it reminds them of home and friends. So when your boy, or your neighbour's boy, comes in on furlough, have a frosty, refreshing Coca-Cola to offer.

It's a little thing - but one that says better than words: "It's the same old friendly place as before. You're home again".

"Coke" = Coca-Cola

It's natural for popular names to acquire friendly abbreviations. That's why you hear Coca-Cola called "Coke".





THE COCA-COLA COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED



F YOU'RE somebody's pin-up girl and that some-body has two weeks furlough coming up—well, we've certainly caught YOU in a heady mood! We'll bet you're in a perfect tiz, getting all set for the Christmas merry-go-round, after months of man shortage and nose to the grindstone living. And, of course, you're planning to look your most beautiful self, because, war or no war, the same old principle is still in operation; the best-looking gals have the most

Our thought for the month is, it's a fine thing to be in the groove but never in a rut. This time last year, for example, you may have danced soulfully to the strains of "Stay As Sweet As You Are," and "Just The Way You Look Tonight," but those sentiments are a snare and a delusion if you take them too literally. Twelve months ago you may have been the belle of the ball with a long glamour bob or with one eye peeking out from behind a curtain of hair. This year that same

hair-do will put you right in the wall-posy class. Have you ever thought that you may be overlooking

all kinds of intriguing possibilities about yourself if you always stick to what you consider Your Type? And that you can do more with hair than with anything else to bring about a complete change of personality? A smooth top or a pompadour style swept up at the sides, plus a sassy bow or an ornament, and, presto! You change from the breezy outdoor type to someone alluring and feminine—the kind of girl every soldier dreams of dating, when he's on leave.

Nowadays there are very few age limits to the new types of hair-dos. The one governing factor is, whether that particular style does the right things for you—whether it plays up your best beauty points. Here, and on the following pages, are sketches of the

latest hair styles and ornaments. Look 'em over and take your pick. Don't be scared of trying something





following page.



Come on, Girls!

We Should Have Been in It Long Ago

Now that the fortress of Europe is being stormed—now that we have reached a critical stage in the great struggle—more and more men must be released for combat duty. And that is where we women can help—must help—we should have been in it long ago.

The Canadian Army offers many types of important, interesting work—work that only women can do best. There's a job in the Canadian Women's Army Corps that you'll like, a job you'll be proud to do. And with ample chances for promotion. And there's real satisfaction in knowing that you are doing your full share to help win this war.

You'll also find a grand group of girls, friendly and helpful. The need is urgent. Come on, girls. We can't leave it all to the men. This is our battle, too.

For further information apply to your nearest Recruiting Office. This does not in any way obligate you to enlist.

CANADIAN WOMEN'S ARMY CORPS



Sketches by URSULA RAINNIE

INGENUE. Here's a delectable style for the sweet-sixteen miss—naive and yet definitely out of the little-girl class. It calls for a shoulder ngth bob, upswept at the sides with a high pompadour in front. The back is worn long with cross bands of hair in which flowers are interwoven. The earrings are made of Canadian pottery, bright colored and pansy shaped.

GIBSON GIRL. Do you wonder what's happened to the girls who sported glamour bobs last year? Here's the answer—they've turned into Gibson girls. The back of this hair-do can either be brushed straight up or worn in coil at the base of the neck. And, by the way, this is a specially good style for short women who are inclined to stockiness. It slenderizes, adds height and makes your neck seem longer.

The earrings, bracelet and necklace shown in this sketch are of particular interest. They're made of silver which has been mined, designed and manufactured in Canada.

SUGAR AND SPICE—Here's another very girlish style, suitable for high school dating days. A pompadour and shoulder-length bob with a perky polka dot bow worn behind the pompadour. The rest of the hair is loose and curly, and as the ears are tucked well out of sight, there's no use decorating them with earrings. Incidentally this is the only style we found where ears were covered.



JUNIOR MISS. A large ribbon or a velvet bow takes the place of a hat. You wear your hair swept up at the sides and falling in loose curls at the back.

One of the most important rules of all successful hair styling is to make your face as near the ideal oval shape as possible. If, for example, you have a long thin face, wear your hair built out at the sides, either

fluffy or in large rolls, and wear it flat on top.
If your face is short and round, it's a good idea to wear it high on top or give the illusion of height by a large bow—as shown in the sketch.







UNDERGRAD—A page boy effect, set off with a skull cap and brilliant clip. The skull cap is jewel-studded, and you wear sparkling earrings to match. This is very swish for afternoon and evening parties, or for dining out in your best bib and tucker.



It shines like a beacon light through the ages . . . it survives every trial . . . it gives men courage and women hope. This, then, of all years, is the year to give a Gift of Beauty to a woman you love . . . for there is gallantry in the blaze of a lipstick . . . ardour in the whiff of a perfume . . . solace in things to make her lovelier.



TWICE A DAY -

USE COLGATE'S DENTAL CREAM



Top dressing is tops this year if you want to give yourself a smart, up-to-the-minute hair-do for Christmas parties. Chatelaine has sketched the latest styles to choose from

ROMANTIC. For the girl with a long slim neck this is a very dressy hair-do for evening parties. Wear a pompadour in front, sides high up with one or two waves and curls at the base of the neck. A very fetching ornament for this style is a bunch of flowers fastened to the back and trailing down, as shown in the sketch. Although this is better suited to teens and twenties, a more mature woman can wear it if she's built on long slender lines. Gold earrings, with a band of brilliants in the centre, add a fine glittering note.

SHORT-CUT. For the older woman who has a few lines to camouflage, this style is ideal. Short and upswept, it counteracts any tendency to down droop in the facial muscles.

A brand-new idea, hot off the griddle, is to wear button earrings to match the buttons on your dress. As you know, this year buttons are as large and crazy as you like. When you're buying them, choose two mickey-sized buttons to match the larger ones and have them made into earrings while you wait. It's just a matter of removing the shank of the button and replacing it with a plastic screw-on earring. If you want the full treatment you can use one of the larger buttons as a hair ornament by fixing it to your locks with a bobby pin.

And, speaking of hair ornaments, here's a word of warning. If you are wearing one made of plastic or brilliants, be sure it isn't too heavy for your hair. Otherwise it will feel awfully uncomfortable, pull your locks out of place or else keep falling into

your lap.



Ornaments and hair styling courtesy The Robert Simpson Co. Ltd. Toronto

CHIGNON. The chignon, which came into style last year, is better than ever. If you haven't enough hair to sport one, you can buy it already made and pin it on under a page boy cut. Your hair is worn smooth on top with big soft waves at the sides and the back caught up in a snood to keep it neat and tidy. The circle earrings shown in the sketch are made of silver, gold or brilliants.

SOPHISTICATED LADY. This is upswept all around with bangs or loose curls in front. Bangs are particularly good if you'd like to disguise a too-long or too-prominent nose, because they provide the illusion of fore-shortening that feature. The feather hair ornament sits well to the back of the head and the earrings are in flower design of topaz, ruby and crystal stones.

What Love Really Is

Continued from page 21

at the iron shutters over the shop window in front of her, feeling such a longing for the bare skylighted atelier, for old Dubrule with the smudge of paint on the wart on his nose, for the silvery Paris streets, for Jeff-for Jeff, that her whole body ached with it. She opened her purse and counted her money. It was almost none. It wouldn't take her more than a few miles on the way to Paris.

They hadn't gone back to Paris. They had gone to Rome. Rome was the Gerbers. Rome was the cable from home. Rome was two letters from Jeff, and a feeling, a desperate feeling, of something slipping from her, becoming a

Bill Gerber was fun in his big collegi-

"Let's not go to see the Coliseum by moonlight," he said, "or count the cats in the Forum. Or get frescomania Let's not see any ruins, if you don't mind. I'll be a ruin myself if I do . . . Listen, some of the fellows told me about a swell place in the Borghese Gardens where the Italian officers go. We can dance there. And we'll eat pound cake in the English tearoom."

"Why do they call it pound cake?"

she asked.
"I dunno. Because the scales break down after you eat it, I guess."
She laughed. She hated herself for

laughing when her heart was so heavy. But she danced with him and ate pound cake with him and went out to Tivoli with him. She laughed quite often there in Rome.

Then the cable came. It was from one of her father's associates and it said: "Better come home. Doctor ill."

They sailed from Genoa. The day before they arrived home, Isabelle said to her mother: "I won't have to come out now, anyway."

We'll talk that over later," her mother said briefly.

SHE DID come out. Her father seemed to want it that way, or her mother said her father wanted it that way. He lay in the high hospital bed, grey-faced and old, but he made little jokes in the old way. He wouldn't die, not just now, they said. His heart was pretty tired, but he wouldn't die. There didn't seem to be much money, but he wanted her to have her party. It didn't seem to matter any more to her whether she had it or

It was a lovely party, Viennese, with many dim gold-framed mirrors in the clubhouse to make an old-world look, with candles everywhere, and waltzes, and debutantes looking like court beau-ties in the candlelight. Isabelle stood in the pink tulle and satin dress, tall and white-faced beside her mother. Her mother was handing her over to a tall blond man who wanted to waltz with

She waltzed silently, remembering

Paris, numb of heart.
"You don't like your party. That's too bad," Stephen Wallace said.

ıt

ey all

"No, I didn't much want it," she said, and then to her horror the tears sprang to her blue eyes. He moved without words across the floor to a little alcove. He brought her a drink, then he smiled at her. He had a strong





Beauty Brevities

THIS CHRISTMAS, even more than last year, we'll be cutting down on all gift buying except for our nearest and dearest. It's terribly important that the gifts we do buy should be chosen with the greatest of care and thought. In other words, the day before Christmas should not find us rushing madly from store to store, a name list of cousins and aunts and old school friends clutched in our hands, our pep and ingenuity exhausted, and a dead setup for those pretty but useless embroidered-back-scratcher type of gifts. Christmas shopping is really lots more fun if we make quality rather than quantity our goal, and plan each present carefully ahead of time. Then we'll have the satisfaction of knowing our gift will be a happy surprise and not just a conventional gesture.

Are you puzzled about what to give sister, daughter, or girl friend who has joined up? The chances are she'll be on the move, travelling from one place to another and unable to cart around a load of personal possessions. A most attractive gift, small and compact, is the service beauty kit, which contains cleansing cream, night cream, powder, rouge, lipstick, comb and mirror. These leather boxes come in Army tan for CWACs, Air Force blue for airwomen, and black for the WRENs and Nursing

Another type of gift much appreciated by girls in the Services is midget-sized games—checkers, playing cards, mahjong, etc., to help while away dull hours on trains, watching telegraph poles fly by. Christmas Day is one of the loneliest in the year for a woman whose husband is overseas. Choose her gift with extra care and make it as personal as possible, with her taste in clothes or cosmetics well in mind. If you should choose a handbag or a powder compact, have it initialled—or if you're giving her hand-kerchiefs, lingerie or a sweater, use her monogram to let the gift convey a just-for-you touch.

**

And now that we've talked about presents for other people, let's see what YOU want for Christmas. Naturally you'll want some parcels to open Christmas morning, but why not, this year, make your main present a gift with a future—something to add joy to living? For example, perhaps you don't enjoy meeting people as much as you used to because you're not in the best of shape. In that case why not ask your family to combine resources and give you a course of slenderizing and healthbuilding treatments? You may want to take your exercise passively by expert massage, or join a gym class or subscribe to a home beauty course, where lessons arrive each week and can be followed in the privacy of your own bedroom. Then again, you may be in fine shape but your particular bête noire may be a dull lifeless thatch of hair. In that case ask for a series of scalp and hair conditioning treatments and a first-class permanent. Whatever you decide is your greatest need, remember this is the time to get the greatest amount of good from your family's generosity. 4

My Neighbor :: Continued from page 9

finished school. She is not even very pretty or clever, as such things go. But she is simple and quiet and good, and her children love her dearly, and she made it possible for her wounded husband to live happily for a long time. What she thinks about this war, I do not know. Of course she must suffer deep fears sometimes when she thinks that the three boys may not come back or may come back wounded. Who knows what next Christmas will bring? But I think she has gone through all that and has come out on the other side into the sunlight again. Sorrow has done its strengthening work on her and she can meet what comes. No, I am not afraid she will be lonely on Christmas Day.

I SHALL see her, I am sure, in her pew on Christmas morning in our little church. There will be no tall young men beside her, of course, not actually. But I shall see them there, all the same, because she will feel them there, living presences with her always.

I shall see the look on her gentle plain face that is always there on Christmas Day in the morning, a look of quiet exaltation, because she knows her life has been good and is still good and will be good until it ends upon this earth, and good will lie beyond. She has had everything of human love and because she has had it, she will have it forever. She is not afraid.

When the minister calls the hymn that

he always calls first on Christmas morning she will stand up, her sturdy figure at its full height, which is after all only as high as Lee's shoulder, and Lee is the least tall of the three boys at that. She will lift her head and I shall hear her strong voice pour out:

"Rejoice, ye pure in heart, Rejoice, give thanks and sing!"

The boys across the sea will hear it too because they have heard it every Christmas of their lives, and now, remembering, wherever they are and whatever they are doing, the small shadows of loneliness will leave them. They will think of her as though involuntarily and suddenly they will feel the bulwark of her unchanging love, the love that brought them to life, that kept them whole, the love that was great enough to let them leave her and go their necessary ways again. They will feel free and secure and gay, wherever they are, because "Mother is all right." They will feel that home is there as it always was, and Christmas is there, solid in joy, and it will be there next year and the year after that and after

that, so long as life goes on for them.

"Merry Christmas," they will shout to the other boys, "Merry Christmas—
Merry Christmas!"

"Sure it is a merry Christmas," they will be thinking, "Everything's all right at home—it's Christmas everywhere, isn't it?" •

her father died, that her father could hear her call his grandson "Doc."

"Mind, Stephen?" she asked once about that nickname. "It's supposed to be the power of suggestion-impregnating the infant mind .

You want him to be a doctor?"

Stephen asked gravely.
"Yes, I do. If I'd been a boy, I'd probably have been one. He can do what I didn't."

He gave her again that questioning look and she turned from it, half ashamed.

Her father died, as quietly as he had lived. There was a little insurance, but only a little. Stephen rented an apart-ment for Mrs. Heath. Somehow Isabelle didn't see much of her mother after her father died.

ONE NIGHT Stephen came to her as she was dressing and gave her a diamond

clip.
"Oh, Stephen, you mustn't!" she said. "I don't need it!"

"I have to give you things," he said slowly, in a baffled disappointed voice. "You give me everything, Steve," she said quickly.

He shook his head.

But you don't want anything," he

said. She sat before her mirror in the bright

luxurious room and knew that what he said was true. She was out of the room, back in the Temple of Love in the park Versailles. Her cheek was against Jeff's and she was saying wildly: "I don't care about money or clothes or any

of those things—and I can wait forever!"
"I want this," she said with sudden gentleness. "It's beautiful, Steve. Really beautiful." She fastened it at her

It was the next spring when he came in one afternoon and found her sitting on the floor playing with Doc.

"Well, I think we've bought a house!" he said. "Put on your hat and coat and we'll go and look at it."

"A house? What do we want a house

He leaned over and tousled up her hair. His voice was excited as he said: "To live in, silly!"

"It's so big," she said as they walked through the empty rooms.

"Nice, though, don't you think? I'm anxious to see what you'll do with

"I? But I couldn't, Steve."

"Why not? You have such good taste. I—I thought you might have fun with it. It would be something like making a picture, wouldn't it?"

But somehow she didn't decorate the

house. She hired Mary Hooper to do it. Stephen, she knew, was disappointed, but she shrank from the task. All those things to buy, a picture to be made. Mary Hooper did the house in Florida later, too. It gave Isabelle a surprised feeling every time she saw her picture in a fashionable magazine. The beautiful Mrs. Wallace in her modern living room . . . Mrs. Wallace and ber son, Heath Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Wallace open their lovely bouse for the Red Cross . She gave parties often and people seemed to like to come. She was surprised at that, too, for she always felt apart from the parties, remote and indifferent. Nice people they knew. Important people. She could always see how nice they were, but still she didn't feel one of them. She was always someone who had strayed into this life by

mistake. She belonged in a bare attic with paint on her hands. She always had a sense of waiting for this show to be over so that she could walk out of it and into the life that was her own.

Then one day she lay on the chaise longue in her room thumbing through a magazine. A bright fire burned on the hearth, the sun came streaming rosily through the taffeta curtains . turned a page and Jefferson Stewart's face looked up at her. It was not the face of the shabby boy who had held her in his arms and said: "I love you. I'll love you forever." It was a controlled masked face posed against a careful decor. She read the footnote slowly.

"The first showing of Jefferson Stewart's paintings will be held in the Van Tuyn Gallery December 1-15. His other phenomenally successful exhibitions have all been in New York, London or in Paris, where he was well known as a brilliant and original artist. Since the beginning of the war, Mr. Stewart has been living in New York .

December First-that was today. She got up, went to her desk, rummaged through the cards stuck in a pigeonhole. There had been an envelope with the Gallery stamp on it. She found it, tore it open. Then, like a woman moving in a dream, she went to her clothespress and took out a street dress and her mink coat. She put the diamond clip at her

"IS ANYTHING wrong with the tea, madam?"

She looked up blankly at the anxious face of the waitress, down at the untouched earthenware pot and the withered toast.

"No, thank you. It's quite all right." "Shall I get you some hot?"
"No, please don't bother." She paid

her bill and walked out of the tearoom into the darkening street. A taxi had just pulled up at the curb. She got into it. "The Van Tuyn Gallery—and hurry," she said.

The crowd had thinned when she got back to the Gallery. Only a trickle of people came wandering down the marble steps as she ran up them. Then she was in the office again.

"I'd like to see Mr. Stewart if he's still here," she told the clerk.

The clerk was putting away his papers for the night. He looked at her with only faintly veiled surprise. "I'll see, Mrs. Wallace. I think he's

somewhere around."

And then Jeff was in the room with her-only it wasn't Jeff at all. It was that stranger whose picture she had seen in the magazine, a man with a still controlled face and clothes from Savile

Row.
"Mrs. Wallace?" he said on a note of interrogation, and then recognition dawned in his eyes. "Isabelle . . ." he said. "Isabelle!" He came toward her, held out his hand. "It's been a long time, hasn't it?"

She stood there before him, her hand in his, her heart pounding so wildly that she could hardly speak. But at last she said, "Yes, a long, long time." And almost wistfully, "You've been very almost wistfully, "You've been very successful, haven't you? Just as you said you'd be .

He made a slight gesture with his hand. There was something a little foreign about it.

"I haven't done too badly," he said. + Continued on page 38

'I'm your wife ... remember !??!"



1. We had been perfect mates . . . at first. Then, George began treating me like a stranger. He'd go for hours without talking to me . . . without even looking at me. It was maddening!



2. At home-nursing class one day, I flunked my quiz completely. Afterwards, our instructor—who's a dear old friend of mine—asked me what was wrong. Eager for consolation, I told her all about myself and George. Then she said: "Sally, it could be your fault. You see, there's one neglect husbands often can't forgive—carelessness about feminine hygiene."



3. When I asked her what I should do, she answered: "Well, many doctors recommend Lysol solution for feminine hygiene...it cleanses thoroughly...and deodorize." Then she went on to explain how this famous germicide, used by thousands of modern wives, won't harm sensitive tissues. "Just follow the easy directions," she said.



4. That advice turned out to be first aid to our marriage, all right! I keep Lysol disinfectant on hand always ... it's so easy and economical to use. And, as for George, he remembers me now ... with flowers!





FOR FEMININE HYGIENE

Check this with your Doctor

Lysol is Non-caustic— gentle and efficient in proper dilution. Con-tains no free alkali. It is not carbolic acid.

Effective—a powerful germicide, active in presence of organic matter (such as mucus, serum, etc.). Spreading—Lysol solutions spread and thus virtually search out germs, Spread and tune virtually search out germ Economical—small bottle makes almost gallons of solution for feminine hygien Cleanly odour—disappears after use. Lating—Lysol keeps full strength, no matter how often it is uncorked.



For FREE booklet about Feminine Hygiene and other "Lysol" uses, send postcard to Lysol Ltd., Dept. 117, 9 Davies Ave., Toronto, Ont.

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I see romance in your hand, Betty_ but not in your smile!"



"The lines of your hand are an open book, Betty—you were meant to be lucky in love! But darling, you're letting your smile interfere with your fortune! Tender, sensitive gums, you know, can be a handicap to a sparkling smile. A tinge of 'pink' on your tooth brush is a warning, darling—better see your descire!



"Yes, Miss Chamberlain, sparkling teeth and a bright smile depend a great deal on healthy gums! Soft foods rob gums of on healthy gums! Soft foods rob gums of exercise—often make them tender. I suggest gum massage—for extra stimulation." (Note: A nationwide survey shows dentists prefer Ipana 2 to 1 over any other dentifrice for personal use.)



"What a fool I was not to realize gums, too, need care! From now on I'm using Ipana and massage regularly to help keep my gums firmer. I love Ipana's clean, fresh taste! And that stimulating tingle when I massage my gums seems to tell me they're improving. My teeth are brighter already!"



A Prediction Comes True! Betty, to berself: "That fortune teller said a man would cross my path. Well, he has—and he's wonderful! What a thrill to hear him say he fell in love with me the minute I smiled! I owe plenty of my good fortune to Ipana and massage and the way it has helped my smile."

Never take chances with "pink tooth brush"-heed it's warning!

I F you see "pink" on your tooth brush—see your dentist and get his advice. His verdict may be that modern, soft foods have robbed your gums of the exercise they need for healthy firmness. Like so many dentists, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana is designed not only to clean teeth thoroughly but, with massage, to help the gums. Each time you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums. Let Ipana and massage help you to firmer gums, brighter teeth-a lovelier, more attractive smile!

Start Today_with Ipana and Massage

yet sensitive face, not handsome, homely, really, and yet very nice and kind.

'Why didn't you want it?" he asked

gently.
"I don't know. It just doesn't mean anything, does it?"
"It just means that you're young and

beautiful and at the time for gaiety, I guess," he said in that same gentle voice, "Shall we dance again?"

He came to see her very often. was just gentle and kind and he didn't talk about love at all. But one day she met him coming from having tea with her mother and her heart began to pound as if she knew that he had talked with her mother about marrying her, perhaps asking permission in the oldfashioned way. And then he did ask her.

She sat by her father's bed, reading to him. She put the book aside and picked up one of his thin hands, sat holding it tightly. He was so very tired, so very, very tired. Would he rest better if he knew she was settled, secure, happy?

"How do you like my rich young man?" she asked.

"Stephen? I like him very much,

"So do I, dad. I think I'll marry him."

She was shocked to hear herself say that, but she said it quite firmly.
"What about Jeff?" he asked quietly.

Through her swept such a wild wave of sorrow that she could scarcely keep from crying out with the pain, but she said: "Oh, that's all over, dad. That was a long time ago."

"Somehow I thought from your letters that it wouldn't ever be over. What happened? Don't you hear from

"No, I don't hear from him any more. And nothing happened. We just left Paris, that was all."

"Isabelle, love is very important in marriage . . . I do like Stephen. I like him tremendously, but love is import-

She smoothed back his thin hair and said: "I do love Stephen, dad. You couldn't help loving Stephen.'

His eyes still questioned her, but she smiled lovingly and surely and that was all.

They were married very quietly in his hospital room.

Stephen was unutterably good and generous. Hard-headed enough in business, he was invariably generous and understanding at home. He urged her to have a valet for her father, to get him a new bed with a special mattress, an armchair that could be wheeled around his room. He dropped in at the hospital often himself with new books or some delicacy. But with her-with her? Sometimes Isabelle found him looking at her with the same tired, half-questioning look that her father gave her from time to time.

Once he said to her: "Isabelle, I've found a good room for a studio down near the office. I'd like to furnish it for you so you could get back to your painting. Wouldn't you like that?

She was standing in the sunlight in the garden, but she felt abruptly cold. "Oh, no, I never was a really good painter," she said. "If this baby turns out to be true, I'll be busy enough,

darling!"

She felt an enormous relief that the baby came true, that it was born before



Relief and Comfort in EMERGENCIES

When you're confronted with those frequent cuts, scratches, burns, bruises and other minor ills, it's a comfort to be able to reach for the familiar jar of Vaseline' Petroleum Jelly. The trademark 'Vaseline' is your guarantee of purity and quality today as it has been for three generations.

Made by Cheschrough Manufacturing Co., Cons'd.

aseline



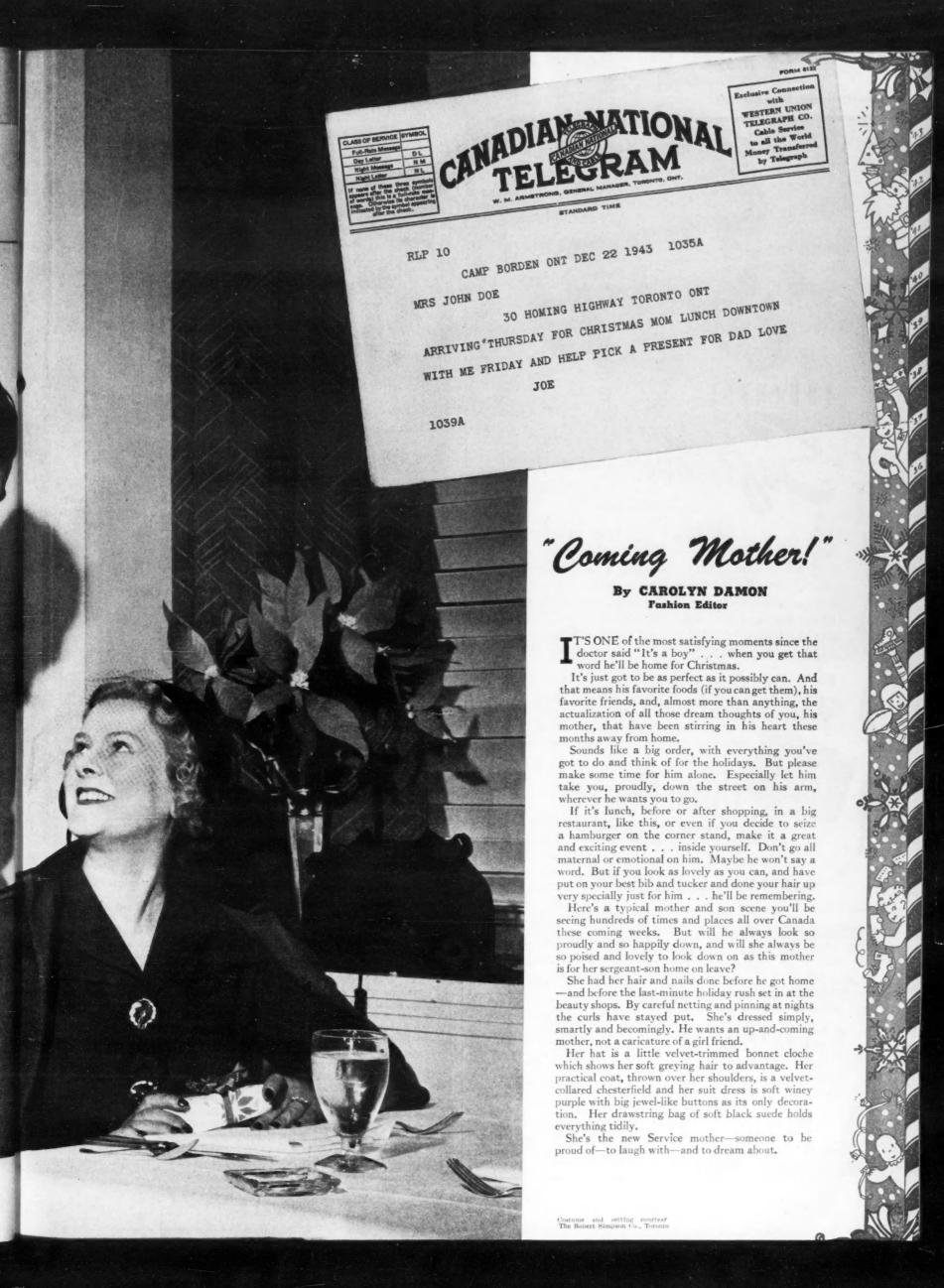
SHE OWES SO MUCH

To Nurse Drew's book, It explained about PERSONAL HYGIENE

When you marry, one of the most important things in life is that you be wisely informed about this vital matter. So much depends on it. The Rendell method of protection is simple, harmless and effective. These convenient, dainty suppositories solve your feminine problem happily—harmlessly. Thorough in medication and protection—harmless as purest oils. Nurse Drew's book will be sent to you in a plain wrapper.

	w, c/o Lyman Agencies, Ltd., ul Street West, Montreal, P.Q.
Please Personal	send me copy of the Free Bookles Hygiene". • \$1.00 for full size certon of Rendells Booklet, to be mailed, prepaid, in
NAME	
ADDRESS	

Rendells sold in boxes of 12—individually foil-wrapped. Ask your druggist.



Because you love poice things

Here's how you can make your underthings last longer:

When you wash your lingerie—do it carefully by hand!
Use a mild, pure soap.
Avoid twisting and rubbing.
Be sure your iron is cool!
Press on the wrong side.
Remember,
heat will ruin rayons.

These days, it's unpatriotic to buy more than you need. However, when you must buy, insist on Mercury Van Raalte.

Mercury Van Raalte garments are carefully cut from lovely, longer-wearing rayon fabrics. Lingerie by Mercury Van Raalte is exquisite, flattering, lasting.

When you buy—be sure it's Mercury Van Raalte,

Mercurif Van Raalte

Mercury Mills Limited, Hamilton, Ontario





H M C S YORK TORONTO ONT DEC 21 1943

11 OPEN HOUSE DRIVE EDMONTON ALTA HANG THE LANTERN IN THE WINDOW MOTHER AND GAMGWAY FOR A SAILOR MRS MARY SMITH EASING HOME TO PORT STOP COMING ASHORE CHRISTMAS EVE STOP WOULD BE SWELL IF YOU COULD ROUND UP THE GANG INCLUDING JOANIE STOP ESPECIALLY JOANIE STOP OCEANS OF LOVE TO YOU BOTH NO STOP



tea party for a sailor son

OOKING up at you from the big chair as you bring the Christmas cake over, he's awfully like he was at three, when you bought him a suit just like that one, isn't he?

He's feeling a little like it, too, because you've provided everything possible (including Joanie) to make his Christmas as wonderful as it was

This year he's back after months of war, seeing his home with new

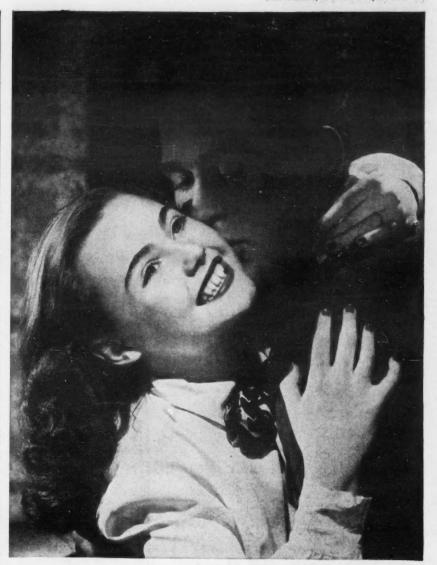
And seeing you, too, with fresh

Looking at you there, with the candlelight on your face and catching the soft folds of your dress, he hopes the years-his years and Joanie'swill be as good to her as yours have been to you.

Make him feel that way, won't you? Do your hair the way he always liked it best-but with a special

shampoo and wave, and get, or give yourself, a good facial massage the day before he comes. Try a dress like this one for his party-it's a beautifully fitted black rayon crepe, graceful and slimming. The fringe has an exciting way of catching the light as you move-and for special sparkle there is a pair of Canadian silver pins, enamelled bright robin's egg blue and vermilion, outlined with gold to match gold earrings.

This Christmas will be like something he carries back in his pocketsomething very bright and shiny back to sea with him. He'll think of Joanie, of course, just as you want him to, there in his world of war and men. But you go farther back than that. You're as old as his first memory-yet every time he sees you there's a renewal of his affection and pride. Make a good impression on your home-coming son this Christmas, won't you?



So You're in Love

then—touch his Heart with soft, smooth Hands

Don't-

Don't blame your housework or your war work, if your hands feel unpleasingly chapped and rough. True-your hand skin, when it's often in water, is likely to lose the natural moisture that should keep it soft. But-

Do supply your hand skin richly with smoothing elements it lacks. Just use Jergens Lotion. You'll have specialized, practically professional care for your hands. Sure to help prevent awkward roughness and chapping.



Be Proud-

You apply 2 special ingredients to your skin when you use Jergens Lotion-the same as many wise doctors use to help hard-used skin to a most attractive young look, a rose-leaf touch. 50é and 25é a bottle. As simple as it's lovely to use. Jergens Lotion leaves no discouraging sticky feeling.

Jergens

FOR SOFT. ADORABLE HANDS

Remember-

HOLLYWOOD STARS USE THIS LOVELY HAND CARE, 7 TO I.

That's right-7 times as many of the Stars use Jergens Lotion as any other hand care.







It costs less because it wears longer and it's WASHABLE & COLORFAST Make your own Viyella combines snug warmth and light weight—and your Viyella made dress will wash without fad-

Ing or losing shape. tich Fashion Fabric that We The British Fashion Falvic that Wears and Wears GUARANTEED WASHABLE & COLORFAST 36" and 54" wide At all leading stores or write Wm. Hollins & Co. Ltd., 266 King St. W., Toronto.

Lasting Beauty Depends on Daily Care with Mercolized Wax Cream

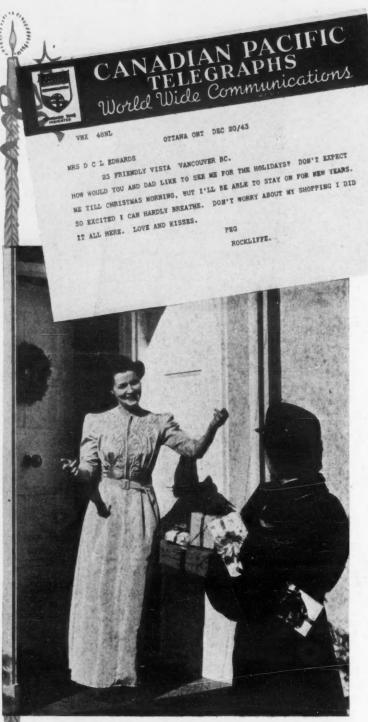
An intelligent woman should grow lovelier An intelligent woman should grow lovelier as she grows older, and she can if she gives her skin consistent daily care with Mercolized Wax Cream. It provides a pleasing simple method of preserving the natural freshness of the skin. For over a third of a century, Mercolized Wax Cream has been the trusted cream of hundreds of thousands of women. They have garnered for their complexion the smooth sway of sparkling loveliness. To acquire a more flattering complexion

Choose Mercolized Wax Cream; Use Mercolized Wax Cream;

Then enthuse over your complexion.

Try Saxolite Astringent. Dissolve Saxolite in one-half pint witch hazel to make a beneficial astringent lotion for daily skin care.

At all drug and department stores.



Gee, it's good to get home!

HERE'S your baby, coming up the walk, her arms full of presents just the way they used to be when she skipped off on her first Christmas shopping, alone, to the five-and-ten.

But there's a difference. She's coming home in uniform-from miles and miles away, from months of training in the Women's Division of the Royal Canadian Air Force. She's another woman now, like you; but still your daughter.

Never more your daughter than when she walks into your arms this Christmas time-home on leave.

Meet her gaily, warmly, proudly, bearing the separation as your share of her tremendous war job. Be young and lovely for her to look at, a friend as well as a parent, a fellow-woman who has woman things to share. She'll have the gayest of lounging clothes (they all do) and you'll have fun, sitting together by the fire, when she comes in from dates, laughing and talking things over.

Like this mother, you might wear a crisp taffeta house coat in soft pink. It has a young-looking neckline, graceful trapunto work to decorate the bodice and well-cut shoulders to give the tailored precision we all like.

She's going to love looking at your clothes—maybe borrowing a few while she's home—remember, she can wear civvies on leave now. She'll love you in color, in well - cut shoulders, in good well-fitting lines. You represent not only her mother, but the best of the life she's left.

Besides, if you're not, you just don't know what it's all about!

Be feminine; she's seeing so many uniforms. Be fun; she's learning so much discipline. Be terribly, terribly proud of her.

That's going to matter more than

I chose Style and found Quality, too!

Style alone isn't sufficient in any profitable wardrobe today. It must have staying-power to make it profitable, for the combination of style and quality will give your clothes staying-power.

Most of the clothes you buy today are made of rayon. True, some do wear better than others. But if you let informative tags be your guide, serviceability in wear becomes a known, rather than an unknown factor.

Every step in the manufacture of a fabric has an important bearing on the future wear of that fabric. The weaver, the dyer, the finisher—all contribute. It is difficult to tell by looking at or feeling a fabric what its wearing qualities or colour fastness properties may be. These are qualities that only laboratory tests can predict.

These days you need fabrics you can count on. To be certain of this they should have labels that tell you what to expect from the fabric in the garment you buy.

QUESTIONS YOU SHOULD ASK AND WHICH A TAG SHOULD ANSWER

Is this fabric strong enough for the "use" to which I will put it?

Will this fabric pull away at the seams?

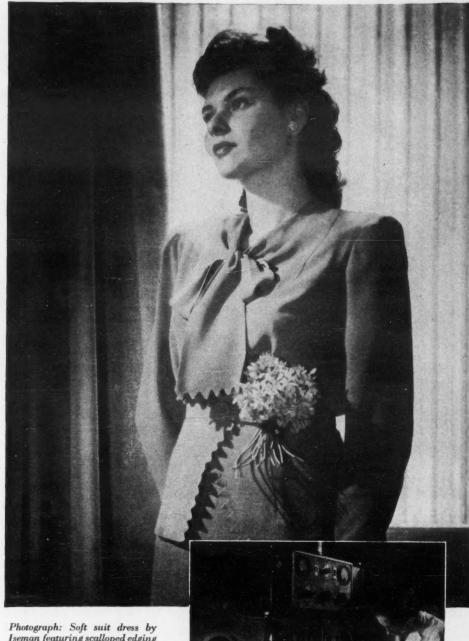
Will this fabric sag, stretch or shrink visibly?

Will this fabric wash satisfactory or should it be dry-cleaned?

Will this fabric fade?

(Fading may be caused from sunlight, perspiration, atmospheric gases, washing, cleaning, crocking or hot pressing.)

In rayons a reliable guide which answers all these questions for you is to be found on Courtaulds "Quality-Control" tag. These tags give fabric information based on laboratory testing which predicts in advance the service the fabric will give. And they tell you how the fabric should be cared for. Courtaulds "Quality-Control" tags are designed to help you know what you buy and how to care for what you buy and what you already have. Look for them when you shop!



Photograph: Soft suit dress by Iseman featuring scalloped edging and soft bow neck in Grout's "Priority Crepe"—a pre-tested rayon fabric. Sold at leading stores across Canada,

LIGHT fastness is one of the most important tests. This photograph shows you a Fade-Ometer, the machine used for carrying out light fastness tests. The colours are exposed to hours of strong synthetic sunlight. Sportswear fabrics, for instance, must stay in the Fade-Ometer longer than fabrics intended for afternoon or evening wear. To pass this test, the colour must show no appreciable change in shade.







OFF DUTY...



It is fortunately still easy to buy the world-famous CHANEL Perfumes and Colognes—the finest and most exquisite aids to personal charm obtainable. No Christmas or occasional gift would be more welcome to friends serving overseas, or on home duty, in the various Women's Auxiliary Services or in hospitals.

Though the CHANEL bottle has been changed somewhat due to wartime restrictions, CHANEL Perfumes and Colognes are still made from genuine pre-war concentrates imported into America prior to the fall of France.

Four glorious fragrances: No. 5, No. 22,
Gardenia, Cuir de Russie.

Perfumes: ½ oz. \$3.00 — 1 oz. \$10.00
Colognes: 2 oz. 2.00 — 6 oz. 4.00

Fragrant Enchantment PERFUMES AND COLOGNES time reason for combining fabrics and colors—does away with the need of additional trimming and makes use of small pieces of fabrics that, in happier days, would be thrown away!

**

Vestees become more popular as blouses are harder to get. Many blouse houses now make vestees, too, using odds and ends of fabrics that are ample for a vestee, but not enough for a blouse. The newer vestees go in for bow necklines, front tucks, and a great run on high-colored taffetas in plain as well as checked and plaid patterns that warm up a costume more than the usual run of white collar" dickeys.

**

Brown Replacing Navy in many sports suits and tailored dresses, as well as suits for spring. Brown shoes are still allowed to be manufactured here (while blue shoes are out), and women who like the ensemble idea in their outfits are picking brown because they know they can get brown shoes to complete the color picture.

Miser Bags-the huge new kind that is generally made from some nonessential material such as felt, broadcloth or rayon, is very evident this winter, especially in bright colors. These bags measure about 18 inches in length, very wide at the bottom and shaped up into a self-shirred top that you can sling over your arm. The Postman's bag is another large handbag, copied after the mailman's. Again these are shown in bright fabrics, often matched up with a hat the same color.

The New Prints for spring will be smaller and sprinkled "all over" rather than in large splashy designs. This than in large splashy designs. again is a fabric-conservation methodfor you can use the fabric right down to the last inch, whereas in big prints, the material had to be cut with a certain amount of waste, to keep the design running in proportion to the dress pattern. Pink on brown, blue on brown, yellow on brown are three important color schemes. The usual black and white prints have lessened in demand so much that many fabric houses are not bothering with them.

**

Fur Hats more widely worn than ever before. To match your fur coat, if you have one. But many women who are style leaders are choosing fur hats, with matching muffs, to use with simply tailored cloth coats.

If You Can't Get What You Like, like what you can get! This is New York's slogan and we're doing very well with For days, even weeks, we can't get butter in stores or restaurants so they give us applesauce, marmalade, jelly, etc., and we're getting to like the stuff! We can't get steaks and chops, so we are learning how to stuff a beef heart and enjoy it! We can't get taxis and buses so easily, so we are losing our hips and getting back roses in our cheeks with extra walking. We can't get many fashions, but we are doing exceptionally well with the fashions we can get. Yes, girls. We'll save ourselves a lot of heartaches and headaches if we learn to like what we can get. Remember this the next time you shop, will you? +



BARBARA GOULD Home Beauty Aids





Wake-up your smile's BRIGHTNESS

BY CLEANING YOUR TEETH WITH POWDER . . . Dr. LYON'S on a moist brush!

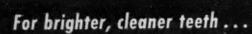
Except for thorough, periodic cleaning by a dentist, nothing can safely brighten teeth more effectively than daily use of two simple cleansers - powder and water. And the better the powder, the more complete and helpful that care is!

So try this method, the Dr. Lyon's way to wake-up your smile's brightness. Use Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder regularly on a moist brush. It contains nothing to injure tooth enamel. No acid. No pumice. Developed by a distinguished practicing dentist, it is all

DR.LYON'S

powder-all cleanser; that's why it brightens teeth right from the first brushing . . . keeps them more lustrous as long as you use it. Feel how it refreshes your mouth, too!

Ask for Dr. Lyon's now - no empty tube needed. It's Canada's leading tooth powder-for its economy, for its effectiveness. Matched for price, Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder outlasts tooth paste two-to-one.



DR.LYON'S

TOOTH POWDER . . on a moist brush

FASHION SHO



Just What the Doctor Ordered more home sewing! Psychiatrists are telling us that they find women who sew and knit for the Red Cross and various war relief agencies are less troubled with nerves and temper-tantrums! "Acts like a sedative," they say. So if your nerves are hippity-skippity, try soothing them with making yourself a new dress-or a spring coat-or an apron. Much more fun than a nervous breakdown-and you'll have something to show for it.

Try These Out on your sewing

Mexican type dirndl skirt, with bright bands of contrasting color whirling around the bottom.

Simple little dark dress, entirely new-looking with "sawtooth" edg-ing on the V neckline and short sleeves.

Jumper with the front of the skirt

ruffled like an apron.
"Shorty" spring jacket, in as bright a color you can get—red or royal blue preferred.

Black and white taffeta dress that will be "party" at holiday time as well as dress-up right through the

Bright red coat dress with green collar, cuffs and buttons to make you look as gay as a Christmas tree.

Long-sleeved blouse in grey, with drawstring collar, tasselled in purple or red.

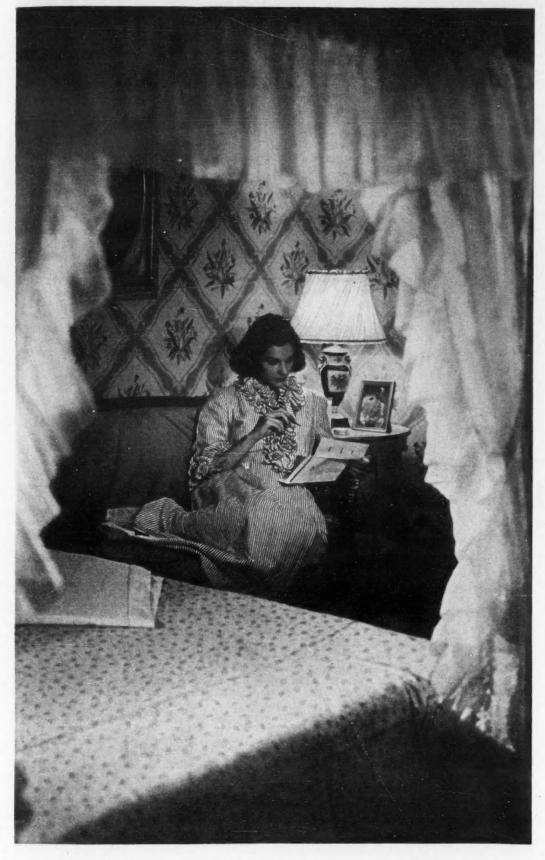
Cold-weather pyjamas of cosy fabric, with feet—like the baby's sleepers.

Velveteen aprons in bright colors —for your little girl to add to her dress when the date is a party— (and, of course, bows in her hair

Spring Fashions are a Month Ahead down here in New York. The manufacturers are already showing their new spring lines and any minute now we'll know what we'll be wearing next spring. The softy "dressmaker" type suit is in 1944; I'm seeing these in shetlands, gabardines and flannels. Something new has been added: serge suits! Grey will be an important color, but you'll see plenty of blue, green, gold, red and lighter browns. Skirts will have as many pleats as fabric rationing will allow, as women are revolting against the too-sleek tailored skirt.

Two and Two make fashion! Combine two fabrics—or two colors —or both, and you have a smart Fifth Avenue fashion. Take wool with velvet, or crepe with satin, a plain weave with a fancy weave, and work the two fabrics into a grand little dress. With colors, take grey with nasturtium, gold with tur-quoise, black with yellow, green with red. Use the second fabric or the second color as a U vestee...as a set-in waistband . . . as the facing on a side-closing dress . . . as a broad V in the blouse ... or, as one tricky designer does it, a band of contrasting fabric or color slashing from one shoulder right across the front of the dress. There is a war-





Towards

a day less war!

- Tonight in far-off Italy—Kiska—over Germany or on the broad sea lanes, Canadian Men are fighting to finish this war sooner.
- At home Canadian Women are answering the call—a call to take their places in war production—community work—and necessary civilian service jobs.
- When our government urgently asked for help, the chief stumbling-block was time. There just didn't seem to be enough hours in the day, but Canadian Women are learning to save time and today in ever-increasing numbers are offering their services so that more men may be released for fighting.
- The need for more women is urgent. Won't you help?
- There are so many little ways of saving time for Victory.

 As one small way in which we can help, we have prepared a series of beauty time-savers from the DuBarry Success School—beauty helps prepared so that you can give more time for Victory and still stay as lovely as you are.

CANADA NEEDS MORE WOMEN FOR VICTORY. APPLY TO YOUR NEAREST EMPLOYMENT AND SELECTIVE SERVICE OFFICE.

FIFTEEN MINUTE FATIGUE CHASER



Massage the neck five minutes: Press fingers on spine at base of neck and with a small, circular movement, slowly push fingers up to back of hairline. Press as hard as possible at hairline and then release the pressure.



Massage the shoulders five minutes, Grasp left shoulder at base of neck firmly with right hand. Grasping as much tissue as possible, pinch and pull skin away from bone. Continue out over shoulder, two inches down arm. Repeat on right shoulder.



Massage the legs five minutes. Lie down. Pull left knee to chest. Encircle left ankle with both hands and with wringing, twisting motion, slowly pull both hands up left leg to knee. Repeat massage ten times on each leg. Swell for tired feet.

NUMBER THREE OF A SERIES OF BEAUTY SHORT-CUTS PUBLISHED FOR



BEAUTY PREPARATIONS BY RICHARD HUDNUT

FEATURED IN THE RICHARD HUDNUT SALON AND DEBARRY SUCCESS SCHOOL, 693 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK ... AND AT COSMETIC COUNTERS EVERYWHERE.



Luxury fabric - breeze soft - lingerie so silky - so easy to keep lovely. Sleek panties, briefs, slips and vests, beautiful nightgowns. Warp Knit for runless wearing. Almondized for fragrant protection against perspiration odor. Wonderfully sudsable. Your choice at all your favorite stores.



What Love Really Is : Continued from page 29

She gripped her fingers about the roll of catalogue she still held. Her voice stumbled somewhat.

"I wondered if you wouldn't change your mind-about selling the picture marked 22 . . . The one you called Isabelle .

She watched him almost fearfully.

If he says he won't sell it—or if he gives it to me—I'll know he's the Jeff I believed in . . . And then, quite irrelevantly, That's the quixotic sort of thing Stephen would do .

There was no hesitation in the way he shook his head.

"I'm sorry, Isabelle. I'm afraid I can't do that."

SHE PUT out a hand and steadied herself against the desk. And suddenly the office where they stood faded away, and they were in the Temple of Love at Versailles. Jeff Stewart held her in his arms—young hard arms—and he whis-pered against her lips, "I love you. I'll love you forever

She came back to the present with a start. Ob, was it true then? If he wouldn't sell this picture, if he had clung to it all these years, had he indeed loved her forever?

She heard her voice, breathless with

"Why, Jeff? Why won't you sell it?" A faint look of amusement came into

"Well, curiously, that picture is one of the best things I've ever done. There's something about it that people likeyouth and enthusiasm, I suppose. It's brought me more commissions than I can count." He smiled suddenly at her. "I'd like to sell you something else, Isabelle-but for the sake of my future I'll have to hang on to that picture.

She put out her hand again in that steadying movement.

"I see, she said in an odd strained voice. "Of course-I see perfectly." She saw so many things!

What a terrible fool I've been! she thought angrily. And she searched the face of the man opposite her as if she had been blind and now in a moment was given vision. He was a stranger. He was not the boy she had dreamed about for years. Indeed he had never been that boy. He had always been a hardheaded realist who had let nothing stand in the way of his success. He had been gay and charming, but underneath had been that vein of iron that had set the pattern for his life. She alone had been the dreamer. And this picture now had become the symbol of their two philo-

Suddenly she couldn't get out of the Gallery fast enough. She wanted to run -run away from these ghosts she had been living with; run back into life, life and Stephen.

sophies. To her it had been the crystal-

lization of a tender memory; to him-

commissions.

She heard herself murmuring conventional answers to his questions about herself, there was something about seeing her again, somehow they said good-by, and then she was out in the street again.

She couldn't get home fast enough. The taxi seemed to crawl. But at last she was there. She walked into her house—her beautiful house with its luxury, its flowers, its fires. She walked into the library, and Stephen sat there before the fire. His hand held a closed book and his homely kind face was tired, though he pulled it into a smile of

She dropped her coat to the sofa, sat down on a stool beside him.

"You'd never guess what I've been bing," she said. A curious excitement doing," she had not known in years ran through

her.
"Yes, I would," he said after an "I know what you've been doing, Isabelle . . . He's the boy your mother told me you loved so long ago in Paris, isn't he?'

She gave him a wide startled look.

"Isn't he?" he asked gently but persistently.

"Yes," she said, "but I didn't know she told you." All the words she had wanted to say so easily, so warmly, turned to tears in her, could not be said.

"I always remember names," he said. She wanted to put out a hand to him but she sat quite still, hands clasped around her knees. The silence grew full and painful. She could not put into words all the thoughts she had had in that tearoom, in the Gallery.

"Women are such vain and silly creatures," she said suddenly. "And loyal," he said.

"Loyal? But isn't it silly to be loyal to something that's dead and gone? It is, Stephen. It is. Clinging to a dream of schoolgirl love-lots of women do that and never know they're adults at all—never know what love really is."

Still she couldn't look at him. She stared at the fire, stirred and alive, but hurt in a way she had never been hurt before. I'll never be able to tell him, she thought despairingly. There just aren't words enough! How could she tell him of her shame at the waste she had made for both of them? How could she tell him that that girl with the red mittens was an utter stranger to this woman sitting here beside her husband? Or of that moment in the Gallery when she had seen Jeff as he really was She felt sudden tears on her cheeks. Oh, Stephen, Stephen, she cried within herself, a lifetime isn't long enough to make up to you for all I've held

Then suddenly Stephen reached out and drew her into his arms.

Why are you crying, darling? Don't " he said gently.

cry," he said gently.
"I'm not. I'm crying because I'm so happy," she said unreasonably.

She didn't need to tell bim anything. You didn't if there was love between you, did you? She put up a hand and touched Stephen's cheek. Yes, this is what love really is, she thought wonder-

BUY WAR SAVINGS STAMPS CHRISTMAS CARDS and help stamp out the Nazi menace.

This year your Christmas cards can do double duty convey greetings to friends and relatives and, at the same time, buy more supplies for our men on active service.

000,000 women (The victims are said to be saving their tickets; girls with many tickets are secretly admired by their friends as well-dressed.)

The Japs have always been living on the lowest common denominator of iron rations. The Japanese housewife is allowed four fifths of a pound of sugar a month; four matches a day; there is no butter, the bread is soggy, whale meat is replacing pork; there is one quart of milk for every 200 people in Tokyo. The cost of living has gone up 500%. Even a hot bath has become a luxury since water was rationed; every person is allowed just one bath a week

Japanese dresses are made of sufu, a "staple fibre" material which shrinks and stretches or simply falls apart after one washing.

Relaxation is practically unknown. Restaurants are closed at 10 p.m.; no liquor may be served before 5 p.m.; the public is discouraged from visiting theatres and movie houses; bridge games are forbidden in public places; serving tea and cakes to visitors has been abolished by governmental decrees. Smoking is frowned upon. It is a dreary life of strength without joy.

LIKE THE German hausfrau and the Japanese mother, the women of Russia, China, Great Britain are fighting an all-out war. 80% of the workers in Russia's factories and on her collective farms are women, compared to 30% at the beginning of the war. Tens of thousands are driving trucks in Siberia, streetcars and subways in Moscow. every Soviet woman has to work if she is physically fit. There are no self-created voluntary jobs where women can enjoy peacetime comfort "doing their bit. Russia's women drive locomotives, fell trees, fill shells, fight and die. So do China's heroic women, who stand in the trenches beside their men, form guerilla bands, navigate Yangtze steamboats and sampans, work as nurses and dynamiters as well.

In Great Britain 6½ million women between 18 and 64 are at work in factories and on the farms, and that includes housewives, coveralled schoolgirls and noblewomen. They work around furnaces, operate 3,000-ton stamp presses, doing a 77-hour week, often extending their shifts to 84 hours a week; in many war plants overtime begins only after a 54-hour work week. Many British mothers voluntarily work 12 to 15 hours a day in war factories, doing in addition 60 hours a month as fire-spotters. They care for their families on a drastically rationed food, clothes, heat, transportation basis; effort." •

they have seen their loved ones killed and maimed in their own homes.

COMPARED TO the supreme effort of our enemies-and our allies-the women of Canada and the United States are still a long way from fighting an allout war. Beyond doubt, Canada may well be proud of its war effort. Of the Dominion's 111/2 million people, 900,000 men and women are in its war industries, 750,000 in the fighting forces. Canada's women have enlisted in the armed forces as stenographers, telephone operators, mechanics, bookkeepers, clerks, dental assistants, drivers, and cooks, to name only a few. Those women, as well as others in war industries, governmental jobs, on farms, are doing an all-out job victory; but with Canada's available useful womanpower estimated at one million, large numbers of the Dominion's women still do not figure in a 100% war effort.

In the United States, by the end of 1943 18 million out of the country's 52,000,000 women will be at work in the services and in war plants; more are enlisting in the WAACS, WAVES, MARINES, SPARS, WAFS every day; on April 30, 1943, over 890,000 were working in the executive branch of the government.

Impressive figures-as long as we don't measure our war effort against that of our enemies. Too many women are still doing their "bit" by putting in a few hours of voluntary work, instead of doing it on a full-time basis; they feel terribly unhappy about marketing problems, transportation difficulties, over-taxed laundries, and rationing. Only dimly do they realize that this war is being fought on the home front as well as on the fighting fronts; that the struggle will be prolonged unless every one of us measures his special war effort against the enemy's. Are you being utilized to the best advantage? Are you taking a professional attitude toward your war job? Isn't there more you could do? Will you be able to look the returning wounded in the eye, saying, "You have done your utmost-and so have I!"

We are winning this war, but the hard road from this point forward to victory can be shortened if every woman will become aware of the enemy's strength and sacrifices and put herself in competition with women in the Axis countries. In the words of Canada's Prime Minister, "A total effort for total war has been the goal toward which the Government has been steadily striving .Every person must regard his

Tuberculosis can be wiped out



Tuberculosis, like diphtheria and smallpox, will one day be a forgotten disease. During the war, however, there's been an alarming increase in Europe, Britain and, to a lesser degree, in Canada. You can help combat this public enemy by buying Canadian Tuberculosis Christmas seals.



Our Nutrition Authorities advise us to eat the health-protective foods every day, including at least one serving of a whole grain cereal. Nabisco Shredded Wheat is a whole grain cereal— 100% whole wheat with all the bran and wheat germ. This nutritious cereal is ready-cooked, ready to eat, and equally delicious with hot or cold milk. Serve Nabisco Shredded Wheat for better breakfasts . . . save War Savings Stamps for better days ahead. THE CANADIAN SHEEDDED WHEAT COMPANY, LTD., MIAGARA FALLS, CANADA SHREDDED WHEAT HELP CANADA KEEP FIT *

MADE IN CANADA — OF CANADIAN WHEAT

Why Our Women Must Fight :: Cont'd from page 13

received a questionnaire calling for exact information about her abilities. Soon married women, mothers of babics and little children were given 24 hours notice to start working in munitions factories, steel mills, mines. Employment of women increased by 39,000 in March, 1939; 278,000 in the following April; 165,000 in May; 88,000 in June; 95,000 in July.

Of Germany's 40,000,000 women, over 13,000,000 are now employed in war industries. Every German woman is organized in half a dozen of compul-sory services, such as the German Women's Association, the Reich Mothers' Service, the N.S. Frauenschaft, the Women's Section of the German Labor Front. All women over 55 are trained in the Women's Guild in nursing, sewing, air-raid precautions; old age is no excuse for being idle. According to Frau Gertrud Scholtz-Klink, the Reich Women's Leader, even women aged 60 to 70 now are working as teachers in infant care, general hygiene, sick nursing at home, cooking and sewing. Since more women are needed in professional and managerial positions, the ban against college education of women has been lifted. In 1933 there were 7,000 girl students in German universities; in 1941 their number rose 18,300. They are employed as social wardens in factories, as subaltern commanders for the Girls' Labor Service, as sports trainers in war factories "to increase the efficiency of German women" (there now are 25,000 such trainers), as social workers in Nazi welfare organizations, as office workers with the armed forces.

The entire welfare services are in the hands of a million women "volunteers." They supervise the evacuation of women and children from northern and western Germany to Austria, Silesia, Czechoslovakia, and they look after the transfer of property. They were accepted as volunteers but they are not allowed to resign. Germany has a million Red Cross helpers, recruited from the League of German Girls; and there are countless sewing circles organized by the National Socialist People's Welfare where old clothing is cleaned and repaired. Widows of war veterans are ordered to do the household work of sick neighbors, or sent as welfare workers to factories "to advise and help women workers in matters of health, household, children."

The life of the German bausfrau is a weird nightmare of governmental control and verboten edicts. Take, for instance, Frau Krause, one of Germany's thirty million housewives. She has already lost her husband (or son, or brother). She hardly sees her daughters who have been drafted in one or other of the many compulsory labor services. Frau Krause spends long hours standing patiently in line for half a pound of sauerkraut or a pint of bluish, watered When she comes home at noon the Block Leader drops in to investigate her pantry shelves and the cook pots and write down what she is having for dinner. The Block Leader interferes with every detail of Frau Krause's life. She makes sure that "old frozen but still edible potatoes" are not thrown away in the garbage can; that Frau Krause uses only recipes broadcast by food experts. Frau Krause scrubs, sews,

does her laundry, repairs her own clothes and wears them until they are completely worn out on both sides. (Fashions are officially damned "because they waste materials.") Every morning Frau Krause memorizes the What-Notto-Ask-for-at-the-Market column in the paper in order to avoid troublesome questions. The afternoon and evening are spent with compulsory welfare work, in sewing circles, kindergartens.

If Frau Krause's husband was a shopkeeper, she is being ordered to take charge of her husband's business. She has probably taken the rapid-instruction course of the Labor Front. Or she may be working as carrier, streetcar conductor, railroad worker. Two thirds of the letter carriers in the City of Halle now are women between 40 and 50 years old. There is little time for movies or music; jazz is verboten and the women are fed up with patriotic marches. The beauty parlor? bug," the newspa "Cosmetics are humthe newspapers tell her. Friends? People don't trust one another. It's a dreary hard life, and now there is the knowledge that all the sacrifices were in vain. There won't be victory and the German women know it.

IN JAPAN women have always been regarded as inferior to men. The place for Japan's daughters is at home where they are, in the words of Premier Tojo, "urgently needed for bearing more babies." A 10-year program to increase Japan's population to 100,000,000, with "six times as many babies as in the past 10 years," was launched some time ago.

"Having babies is fun," proclaimed Mrs. Katsuko Tojo, wife of the Prime Minister and mother of seven children. But in the same breath she added, "I learned to suffer in silence. During the past 20 years I have not once gone shopping at night stalls or attended a theatrical performance."

Special bonuses are given to employees with many children. Free high-school education is awarded to children whose parents have "at least 10."

There are 3,000,000 girls working in Osaka's textile mills, Kobe's shipyards, Tokyo's armament factories, at wages from 65 cents a day for 12-year-olds to 85 cents for girls over 18, 72 hours a week and more. Many of the new working girls are former geishas and prostitutes who were given the choice of either finding a husband or having children or getting a job in a factory. After their working hours they attend compulsory nursing and homemaking courses.

The private life of the Japanese women is regimented down to the most trivial detail. Permanent waves are forbidden; the number of curls was restricted by official decree to one in front and two in the back; the use of lipstick and rouge was first restricted, now is forbidden. The display windows in Japanese shops show only the cheapest wares in order to discourage the customers from buying. Women's hats must be sold only in three colors brown, black, blue—and in only one style, "with rolled brim." Women in Women in expensive clothes have been slapped on the streets by rabid "patriots," or given tickets by matrons belonging to the national women's organizations of 11,-

tinued happiness at Dunnvale High. Peter admired them both. But neither one evoked an invitation to the dance. Sara very deliberately walked home from school with Spike Holmes. Peter, unconcerned, walked with Doreen, dis coursing on fourth form news, while Doreen cast agitated glances at Sara's grimly rigid back. That walk cost
Doreen a very unhappy half hour
with her outraged friend. Then Sara That walk cost stopped talking about how wonderful Peter was. She almost stopped talking altogether. Doreen felt extremely low. She felt even low enough to go and have a chocolate sundae all by herself in Tovell's drugstore. There's something very soothing about a chocolate

"Hello!" Peter slid into the seat opposite her. "You're an awfully hard person to track down."

"Am I?" Doreen, who had been spending the last week graciously keeping out of the way of Peter and Sara, was

not surprised.
"Sure are. You wouldn't be taking Latin seriously, and doing a spot of studying, would you?"

"Oh, no. That's against my princi-es." Doreen wriggled uncomfortably. ples." Sara's friends were the darnedest people. She sometimes thought life would be simpler if Sara were in Tim-buctoo. With Peter she always felt rather strained. The honor of being with such a very super person tended to strangle at birth any bright remarks she might otherwise have been capable of making. He'd think her so-oh, dear, so dumb. Well aware of the envious eyes of Lib Kirby and Patsy McQueen, fixed on her over their chocolate malteds, she wished she were enjoying herself half as much as they thought she was.

Peter seemed undistressed by her lack of scintillation. "Well," he remarked cheerfully, "Friday's our night to howl, eh? How about it, Doreen? Will you go

to the dance with me?" Doreen gaped. Her jaw dropped. She looked exactly as she did in physics class when, roused from a dream of joining the CWACs and rescuing unnumbered fliers in the African desert, she suddenly found herself called upon to explain the refraction of light in a prism. "Who?" she asked. "Me?" She almost looked around to see if by any remote chance Sara could be standing

"Yes. You. Who else? I can't go alone. You can't go alone. Let's pool our resources."

Doreen was swept by many emotions Something had gone wrong. Sara! What would Sara think? Peter didn't intend to ask Sara. Peter was asking her. She could go to the dance with the most popular boy in Dunnvale. He wanted to take her. He didn't intend to take Sara. But Sara wouldn't like that. In fact, Sara would be appalled.

The idea that Doreen could cease to be a boil and suddenly become a rapier would simply floor Sara!

And then she had promised Sara-What had she promised Sara! That twirp Robert. But she couldn't go with Robert, because she was going with Peter. Robert could go with-why, Robert could go with Sara!

"Well, gosh, thanks, Pete. I'd love b. That'll be swell." Doreen gulped. She didn't think her answer very adequate. She never felt adequate with Peter. The idea that Peter might find too much adequacy rather cloying hadn't occurred to Doreen.

She'd have to tell Sara. Of course. Or would she? Wasn't there some other way? All the time Peter walked home with her Doreen wondered about Sara, and answered in monosyllables, and felt inadequate. All through a dinner of beans which normally would have made her feel both patriotic and depressed, she wondered. And while she impaled herself hopelessly on the angle opposite the hypotenuse of a right-angled triangle she continued to wonder. And through the fifth Latin declension, and Act III scene 1 of "Macbeth," and the past definite of the verb "se demander." The next morning, while deciding not to put on Sara's charm bracelet, she was still wondering.

TO HER surprise, Sara was waiting for her at the corner. Then she wasn't hurrying to meet Peter? It didn't seem

right somehow.
"Hullo," Sara said in a toneless voice.
"Hi, Sara. Swell day, isn't it?"
Doreen was brittle with cheerfulness.

Sara didn't even bother to answer that one. She had got a new waveset the night before, with feathered curls on her forehead. But somehow it didn't do much for her this morning.

"Nice hair-do, Sara. I like it. It's—well, it suits you. Only a bit early for the dance, isn't it?" Oh, it was low of Sara to feel so down. It made her feel like a rat, when she wanted to feel like that terribly lucky girl who was going to the dance with Peter Gould.

'Is it? What dance?"

This was getting worse. Doreen floundered, and didn't know where to flounder next. After all, Peter hadn't belonged to Sara, had he? After all, he was a free man, wasn't he? Nobody could expect you to refuse an invitation from Peter Gould. Why, it wouldn't even make sense. No, she'd have to explain now. Lightly, casually. As one woman to another.

"Oh, Dorie! There's Pete. Look. At the corner. He's waiting for me. Hi, Sara's face lighted with happiness. The new hair-do was devastating Her curls gleamed golden in the sunshine, and her voice was golden too. "Pete, isn't it a gorgeous day? Wouldn't you like to walk and walk?"

Doreen trudged along beside them,

SO WELCOME . At Any Time!

Whenever friends drop in ... when you serve a nourishing snack to the family . . . or to round out a real meal ... Fry's Cocoa is always "just right"!

Everyone—child or grown-up—enjoys the real chocolate flavour of Fry's Cocoa. Easily and quickly made with milk, Fry's gives the food value and energy that is so



Pattern Descriptions - see page 37

4839—Misses' and women's two-piece dress in sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20. Size 16: 2½ of 35 inch lengthwise striped material; 2 of 39 inch of 41 inch lengthwise striped material; 1½ of 54 inch lengthwise striped material for top. Skirt: 1¾ of 35 inch, 39 inch or 41 inch; 1½ of 54 inch. Price, 25 cents.

4862—Misses' and women's dress in sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20. Size 16: 3 of 39 inch arterial with nap; 2½ of 39 inch; 2½ of 41 inch; 1½ of 54 inch. Contrasting waist side front, yoke front and tie belt: ½ of 39 inch or 41 inch material with or without nap; ¾ of 54 inch. Price, 25 cents.

4852—Misses' and women's two-piece dress in sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20. Size 16; 3½ of 35 inch material with or without nap; 2% of 39 inch; 2% of 41 inch; 2½ of 54 inch. Contrasting top front and collar; 7½ of 35 inch material with nap; ½ of 35 inch, 39 inch, 41 inch or 54 inch material. Braid: 2½ yards. Price, 20 cents.



rand spread for the children!





always dirty and he teased me all the time. He was loathsome.

"He may have improved."

Sara's voice held the hopelessness of utter conviction. "No. His sort doesn't. And so what happened, Dorie? Mother said I'd have to entertain him, and I said all right because it was simplest to agree, and mother said who was I going to the dance with, and I started thinking about Peter, so of course I went haywire and said nobody yet, and mother said that settled it, I'd take Robert, and she won't listen to reason and how can I go with him when I'm going to go with Peter, and how could a decent boy let himself be called Robert all his life, anyway?"

Doreen, being not so deeply concerned, took the matter more calmly. Well, you can explain, Sara. Your

mother'll understand."

"Explain what? Understand what? That I can't take Robert because I'm going with a boy who hasn't asked me yet? Don't be a dope."

Doreen continued optimistic. "There must be some way. Couldn't he go with someone else?"

"Someone else?" When Sara got excited, her conversation became deplorably parrot-like. "I certainly can't think of anyone — I mean who'd want—? Say Doreen, maybe—Listen. Who're you going with?"

TOO LATE Doreen knew that she had been caught with the same ease as Sara had been ensnared earlier. Most of the XIA crowd waited until the last minute and then paired off in a good-natured but uninspired way. She had supposed she would go with Chuck or Len, whichever happened to ask her

Sara saw her hesitate. "Oh, Doreen, be a sport. Just this once. Do take him. I'll be your friend forever. I'll let you wear my charm bracelet. If you would, Mum would let me off. I'd tell you wanted to, he was your secret passion, you were crazy to. Will you, Dorie?"

Obscurely Dereen knew that she wasn't influenced by Sara's charm bracelet. She loved it, yes; it was terrific, and she'd adore wearing it, but people didn't do things like this-go to a dance, in front of all your friends, with a complete dope—you had to have a better reason than that. You had to see the gloom in Sara's face change to delight. You had to understand Sara that much. Doreen understood. And you had to care that much about Sara, Doreen cared. She didn't quite know why she cared, but she did.

"All right. I'll take the twirp on. But he'd better behave. I won't have him make a fool of me. And don't you go telling your mother a lot of drivel, either. I'll take him, that's all. Gosh," she added darkly, "I hope Peter's worth it."

Sara was jubilant. She showed her gratitude by producing, not only her charm bracelet, but also her new red hairbow for the adornment of her best friend's person. Doreen would have enjoyed them more if Sara had not, at the same time, remembered that the opprobrious Robert had devoted so much of his spare time to making trial jumps from the upstairs balcony with homemade parachutes, and similar ventures, that he would probably arrive with a beplastered nose or an arm in a With envious eyes on Peter Gould's classic profile, Doreen began to think friendship somewhat overrated. Chuck and Len weren't likely to make anybody's heart do a front flip, at the school hops they always gave the impression of being more interested in the food than in her, but at least they were all in one piece.

Peter took Sara to the movies on Friday night. It couldn't perhaps be considered a real date. At about the time when Peter would be released from his evening's work in Tovell's drugstore, Sara remembered that she needed a tube of tooth paste. Doreen was induced to go uptown to help her buy it, and it was only because Doreen knew what was expected of her that she refused Peter's pressing invitation to accompany them to the second show at the Regent.

AND THEN it was Monday, the week of the dance. As Robert wasn't to arrive until Friday, Doreen had no immediate troubles of her own, so concentrated on Sara's. Something concentrated on Sara's. Something seemed to be going wrong. Peter didn't seem to understand that he was taking Sara to the dance. He acted as though he didn't even know there was a dance. Sara bought a new scarlet lipstick and persuaded her mother that a pink sloppy Joe was imperative to her conanother of the species of Chuck and Len, she could handle the situation beautifully. A dazed Peter discovered that he was taking Sara to the dance instead of Doreen.

"But, look, Dorie, I could come and

"That's no good, Peter. You've got to go, of course. And I've asked Sara. It's all arranged." This was not, strictly speaking, true. Doreen had said nothing about Peter to Sara. She had mentioned instead that she couldn't now relieve her of the burden of the horrible Robert, and Sara had not been quite so nice about it as she might have been. She had even glanced suspiciously at Doreen's heavily swathed ankle. Doreen had tasted momentarily the dubious delights of the martyr, and, having handed Peter over to Sara, she was no longer prepared to take any responsibility for Sara's unlucky guest.

"You can take him along," she informed Sara calmly. "Only don't tell Pete about him till Friday night. He mightn't like it. And you can probably find a stray female at the dance."

What Doreen, in the excitement of her lovely idea, hadn't reckoned with was the fact that she had really wanted to go to that dance. Even with Robert. Even in her old white piqué. Chewing disconsolately on the grapes with which Peter had presented her, she thought of Sara getting ready for the dance. Pulling on that perfectly divine taffeta. Fastening the new toeless slippers. Adding the touch of rouge permitted for such an occasion. Thinking of Peter. Thinking also, Doreen hoped with sudden vin-, of Robert. A peculiar prickled behind Doreen's dictiveness, of Robert. eyes. She hadn't felt it since the time when Skipper was run over. Or was it since the time when Walter Pidgeon had died, so beautifully, in Greer Garson's

From her couch in the sitting room she heard her father answer the doorbell, heard male voices in the hall, then, "Here's a visitor, Doreen." Doreen looked up. A stranger. Sandy hair. Nice grin. The bluest eyes.

"Hello. I'm Bob Kingsley." Doreen's mouth fell open. Oh, dear, this was getting to be a habit. His grin widened. Doreen had a horrible feeling that he knew just exactly how she had expected Robert Kingsley to look. Well, gosh! Where were the bands on his teeth? And of course there were no guinea pigs, at least not in evidence. "Oh," said Doreen weakly. "Hello.

"Oh," said Doreen weakly. "Hello. But why aren't you at the dance? Where's Sara?"

"Sara's gone off with the answer to her nightly prayer. You wouldn't expect me to horn in on that, would you?"

"Well, no. No, I guess not. She is hit pretty—well, hard." Why, he'd grown up. Wasn't it surprising what growing up sometimes did to people? Sara must have forgotten that the obnoxious Robert was older than herself. He was taller even than Peter. And self-possessed—oh, but definitely. In a terribly nice way. His grin made you feel self-possessed, too. He sat back in Doreen's father's favorite leather chair as if he belonged in it. Doreen remembered Peter sitting uncomfortably on its edge.

"They're going to have themselves a time. So I figured maybe we should too."

"But you see I can't. And you shouldn't miss the dance, really."

"Look, Sara said you were going to go with me until you cracked up. Well, anybody that would go with the sort of egg I remember myself as is a darn good sport. And there'll be plenty more dances. So it seems to me we might do our howling right here. How about it?"

Doreen sighed in luxuriant content. She smiled companionably at Robert Kingsley. Nothing classic about that profile, but—oh gosh, he was nice. You could talk to him for hours. You could even tell him about Peter and Sara. He'd understand. And Robert! What a lovely name! Maybe, after all, this was Life. •

Ladies-in-Chief :: Continued from page 12

family, the Fenshams, came from England in 1911. The first Great War saw them back in England, the father, an officer in the Territorials, going to Egypt with British forces, Mrs. Fensham joining the Women's Land Army, while little Joan and her brother Colin were placed in schools. With peace, the family returned to Canada, settling this time in Victoria, B.C. After finishing a business course, Joan got her first job in 1924, as a switchboard operator. In 1929 somebody lost a good stenographer when she gave up secretarial work to be married to Norman R. Kennedy, a civil engineer on the staff of the British Columbia Government.

When the Canadian Women's Army Corps was established in August, 1941, Mrs. Kennedy was the first woman to enlist, became its first staff officer and was posted to M.D. 11, Esquimalt. Next she was appointed officer administering, and then director, of the Corps, with headquarters in Ottawa, and was one of the first two women named to the staff of the Canadian Army last May.

THE OTHER CWAC officer who became a "brass hat" at the same time is

Lt.-Col. Margaret Eaton. As an Assistant Adjutant General she has charge of all CWAC administrative matters. Daughter of Colonel and Mrs. R. Y. Eaton, she had demonstrated her flair for this type of work from the time she became identified with the Canadian Red Cross in 1940. She was national adjutant of the administration section of the Red Cross Corps when she resigned to join the Army. She was the first officer to be appointed to CWAC M.D. No. 2 and she was largely responsible for the organization of the corps in that district.

corps in that district.

"Definitely the executive type." That's the answer you'll get from coworkers of Margaret Eaton, if you ask for a brief summing up. Above average height, with fine features and an attractive smile, she's a striking person in uniform. A gift for easy friendliness plus a remarkable memory for names and faces makes her universally popular.

"A first-class staff officer" is the consensus in Ottawa military circles.

THE THIRD CWAC lady-in-chief holding the same rank as the two first staff officers is Lt.-Col. Mary J. Dover,



When the stork arrives in Wartime

During this year, close to three hundred thousand babies will have been born to Canadian mothers—an all-time record. About the same number may be expected during the coming year.

Every mother-to-be wants, above everything, a healthy, happy baby. The wisest step she can take is to see the doctor *early*—especially in these days of wartime worries and emotional stress.

Such a visit helps the doctor keep both mother and baby in the best possible health . . . helps them avoid complications while medical and hospital facilities are under great strain.

An early visit also enables the doctor to schedule later visits to conserve his and the mother's time . . . to make hospital reservations or necessary home arrangements including, perhaps, available nursing service.

For expectant mothers who are employed, it is *doubly* advisable to seek the doctor's early advice about the suitability of the work and how long it may continue.

The health programme outlined by the doctor will vary with the individual. Wartime conditions, including rationing, make individual advice especially helpful. Here are some things the doctor usually emphasizes...

A nourishing diet. The mother needs the basic foods essential to the health of both herself and her baby. The right diet also helps keep the mother's teeth in sound condition. A visit to the dentist may be advised.

Exercise, sunshine, and fresh air.

Proper exercise helps the body's muscles make necessary adjustments.

Violent effort—especially reaching—should be avoided.

Sleep and rest. Eight hours each night is the minimum. Daily rest periods and an afternoon nap are beneficial. It is wise to perform as many household tasks as possible while seated—preparing vegetables, for example.

Clothing. In general, clothing should be light in weight, comfortably warm, attractive and, for economy's sake, easy to alter. Shoes of the type most comfortable to you are important.

A booklet of facts - free

Your doctor's advice can do much to keep you comfortable and in good spirits during the months before your baby is born. Upon request, Metropolitan will mail you a 48-page booklet, "Information for Expectant Mothers," containing information which doctors usually want their patients to have for ready reference.

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City	Prov.



1. That stage whisper stopped me short. What a thing to say! Here I thought the first visit of Dick's two aunts had been such a success—and then they come out with that behind my back! I suppose I might have ignored it, but I decided not to. "Why, Aunt Sarah, what do you mean?" I asked.



2. They were dismayed because I'd overheard, but Aunt Sarah said, "Dear, it's just that you don't seem mature enough to bring up a baby. You want to try all these fancy ideas. Everything has to be special, even the baby's laxative!"



4. "Yes, even a special lazative—Castoria—made especially for children. It's mild and gentle . . . safe, yet effective, for children from babyhood to 8 or 10 years. It's not harsh' or griping, like some adult laxatives.



6. "I was just going to give Judy some now," I said. "Come along and see how she likes it." And they were certainly impressed when Judy took Castoria without a protest!

CASTORIA

The SAFE laxative made especially for children.



3. "I learned that from my doctor!" I said.
"He explained that babies require different care from grownups. And that a baby's delicate system needs very particular care. That's why I insist on special things for Judy...



5. "My druggist recommends Castoria, too. Says it's worth knowing about, particularly when colds are prevalent and there's apt to be more need for a laxative. So, I bought the money-saving Family Size bottle.



As the medical profession knows, the chief ingredient in Castoria—senna—has an excellent reputation in medical literature.

Research has proved that senna works mostly in the lower bowel, so it rarely disturbs the appetite or digestion. In regulated doses, senna produces easy elimination and almost never gripes or irritates. with them yet not of them. Fleetingly she wondered whether Peter mightn't have been waiting, this time, for her. But no. That was fantastic. Just to see Sara with him made it fantastic. Conversation ceased to be difficult. Sara, aglow with the heady exaltation of having been waited for, carried it superbly. She even dared, banteringly, to mention the dance.

"If the weather stays like this, we'll be able to dance on the lawn on Friday?"

Peter laughed. "Woman! You want an early death? No dancing on the lawn for my girl, anyway." And he looked at Dereen.

Sara saw the look. Of course, she didn't understand it. She only knew that for the moment Peter was aware of Doreen and not aware of her. Darkness entered her heart and its shadow passed over her face.

Doreen knew she ought to say something in return. Something that would make Peter laugh. If Peter was taking her to the dance it was up to her to keep him amused, wasn't it? But she couldn't think of anything. The old inadequacy was upon her. Into her mind came the vision of Rosemary's gaiety and Sara's laughter. What on earth did Peter want with a nitwit like her? He ought to have more sense.

It was Sara who came to the rescue, "Listen to the lordly creature. I'll bet she'll dance where she pleases—and you will, too.

Doreen didn't know whether Peter was aware of tension. At any rate he laughed as he shoved Sara into a convenient snowbank, then side-stepped out of her reach, colliding with Doreen.

Not quite knowing how it had happened, Doreen found herself and her belongings scattered over several square yards of territory. Peter and Sara collected her contritely, but when she stood up she uttered a sharp cry of pain. "Oh, Dorie, are you hurt?"

"WELL—" Doreen looked up, her brow suddenly clear. "I don't know, Sara. I—it hurts awfully. I don't think I can walk. I don't think—" She was about to blurt out, then and there, the superb idea that had suddenly illumined her mind: "I don't think I can possibly dance next Friday." It was a beautiful thought, and it had come to her so easily that she hadn't even had to work on it. It was amazingly there, when she found herself a heap on the icy walk. She couldn't take Peter from Sara. She simply couldn't. It hadn't anything to do with whether she wanted to or not. Doreen had no theories about patterns in life, but she knew that there are some things you can't do and this was one

Doreen spent a bad ten minutes with the doctor. If she was going to magnify her hurt into a sprained ankle, she had to be very cautious about where she admitted pain. She wished she had paid more attention in First Aid classes. In the end, she decided it was safest to wince horribly whenever the doctor touched her. He looked faintly puzzled, but fortunately didn't believe in what he referred to as "taking chances." Doreen was to spend the next few days in bed.

Peter came to see her. She found that she was no longer tongue-tied and uncomfortable. She was managing Peter, even though he didn't know it, and a faint condescension replaced her earlier veneration. Realizing that he was just



"I didn't realize at the time how good a friend he really was.

"He is the man who sold me my EASY Vacuum-Cup Washer.

"Some of his arguments didn't seem so important then as they do now . . . for instance . . .

"... the fact that EASY is built to outlast two ordinary washers;

"... the fact that EASY is really 50 to 75 per cent easier on the clothes.

"Now I'd like him to know that my EASY has done all he claimed for it . . . and more.

"I'd like to tell him that I'm glad I took his advice . . . and that my next washer is certainly going to be an EASY."

The EASY WASHING MACHINE COMPANY Limited TORONTO, 18, ONTARIO



uniform, her scafaring has been limited to crossing the Atlantic as a passenger, But whether or not "blood will tell," it's a fact that one of her ancestors was a British admiral who saw service in the Napoleonic wars. And now Admiral Baldwin's descendant heads the distaff side of the Canadian Navy, numbering over 3,000 Wrens who have already released almost as many men for action at sea against the forces of another corporal who, like Napoleon, grew too big for his stripes.

The Navy being the silent service, not even the distinguished appearance of the Canadian recruit with the pretty grey hair gave rise to gossip that she was being groomed for the directorship of WRCNS when she arrived in England to train with the British Wrens last March. It became known only with the official announcement in September that she was taking over from Captain Dorothy Isherwood, one of several British officers loaned by the Royal Navy to help establish a naval service for women in Canada.

Commander Sinclair sailed into her job trailing clouds of executive laurels acquired all the way from office-holding in student organizations at University of Toronto to the presidency of Kappa Alpha Theta fraternity's 27,000 members in Canada and the United States, and including leadership in civic and welfare activities.

THE "Ladies-in-Chief" believe in combined operations. They meet together frequently to share ideas for promoting the happiness and welfare of their girls and to help them draft their postwar plans. There's no question in their minds about the girl's willingness to settle down once the war is over-most of them want to change from uniforms into wedding gowns as soon as possible after the "cease fire" sounds, while others will be able to earn their living at the trades the services taught them.

"These girls will make marvellous wives. They have learned to be adaptable, which is the important thing,' the way one of them put it. .

Where Are You Now, Polya? Continued from page 16

admission fee of a few kopeks, and introduced us to the guardian of the por-We entered the dressing room, which was about eighty degrees in temperature, and were each given a locker. We stripped, put our clothes away in our little cupboards, handed the keys to the guardian, seized our respective basins, and feeling very self-conscious, entered the stiflingly hot bathing room. Our first impression was of a large room with four long benches, faucets at the wall, two showers and myriads of female figures. No one paid the slightest attention to us until Polya came in, and then there was a buzz of greetings and comments which evoked roars of laughter. We did not understand Russian enough at that time to get the fine points of the repartee hurtling back and forth, but with the native courtesy of Russians, our names were not mentioned in the conversation, at first. Polya was evidently known and universally liked.

Following her example, we filled our bowls with hot water, placed them on one of the benches, soaped ourselves all over, and then emptied the bowls right over our heads. Polya got hold of some special aromatic leaves and scrubbed the children's backs until they were rosy. We bathed four times and then Polya wandered off to talk to her cronies. The children and I decided to investigate the steam room. We opened the door, and a blast of steam nearly knocked us over. Through the mist we could see figures lying prone on rough benches tiered like bunks. Two minutes was all our weak frames could stand, and we retreated, pouring from every pore. Nicky wanted to know if that was what the word 'pore" came from!

Polya, in the meantime, had taken the opportunity of our brief absence to answer questions. We heard some of them as we came back unexpectedly soon into the room, and the Russians, evidently feeling we were now initiated, smiled and plied Polya with queries.

"What do these Americans think about Russia by this time?"
"Do they like us? They look nice themselves."

themselves.

"Have they joined a union yet?" "Can you understand them?"

"I hear they spank children in America. Ask them if this is true.

"Do they sing and talk in Russian or in American?"

"Do they laugh a lot?"

"Do they belong to the Party?"
"What is America like?"

"Do they go to church?" "You say they are Quakers. What is Quakers?"

"Are they good dancers?"

"Do they get mail from foreign countries? May I have some stamps?"

"Do they work full time?"

"Do you cook Amerikanski or Russki for them?"

Polya was in her element! She would scrub a friend's back and speak in staccato terms in time to the strokes. We loved Russia, or we wouldn't have come these thousands of kilometres to help...Our manners at table were fair, but we had the funny habit of begging people to "have a little more," instead of realizing that if anyone wished more, he would naturally just ask for it, if it were on the table. We passed things around, too, instead of leaving dishes in one place where it would be convenient for anyone to reach over and help themselves...We had applied to the Medical Sanitary Union for admission...Here she added parenthetically that it did seem funny that homekeepers seemed to be the only group of workers who did not have a union of their own. Maybe something could be done about that... No, she couldn't always understand our Russian, but we really could use the sign language with remarkable effect. The fact was, Garry Georgevich (my husband) spoke Russian fairly well but very slowly. Rebecca Edwardovna did seem to hang on to her infinitives, and if she was not careful, the children would soon be talking Russian behind her back and would be leading her by the nose, so to speak. A shout of laughter went up at this, one person remarking that Rebecca Edwardovna's nose couldn't be as long as that!...Yes, Americans agreed with Russians that children should be treated reasonably and not spanked, but she did think we expected more of our children in the way of study than most Russians.



dr. Perfume, 6 sz. Eau de Toilette,





HAVE YOU A PROBLEM SKI



Calgary, now commandant at the basic training centre of the Corps at Kitchener, Ont.—the largest women's military camp in Canada. Before her promotion Col. Dover was commandant of No. 1 advanced training centre at Macdonald College, Ste. Anne de Bellevue, Que. Tall, wiry and dynamic, with skin

deeply tanned by outdoor life, her rather sharp-featured face looks austere to recruits who've just joined up, but they soon find this colonel has an excellent sense of humor. However, humor stops short when there is any breach of discipline. Mary Dover comes from a military family and has inherited a passion for efficiency and order, with the result that the Kitchener establishment is one of the best run military camps in the country.

IT ISN'T a rule, of course, that a woman's name must be Mrs. Walker if she is to head the Women's Division of the RCAF. It just happened that when Squadron Officer Kathleen O. Walker, first senior officer of the WD, was posted overseas in command of the Canadian Air Force girls serving in Britain, Squadron Officer Willa Walker (no relation) was the obvious choice to succeed her as senior officer in Canada. Each Mrs. Walker now holds the rank of Wing Officer.

Wings began to sprout on Canadian women's shoulders in a big and business-like way when 150 WD fledglings graduated at Toronto in October, 1941. This was the first administrative class, and Willa Walker headed it, was promptly commissioned and given a large-sized job to do. While serving in her first post as WD staff officer at No. 1 Training Command, Toronto, she helped organize the WD on eight units in that command. Next, she was moved up as Officer Commanding the WD Manning Depot at Rockcliffe, Ontario, where she supervised the basic training of thousands of girls coming from the nine provinces and beyond the borders of Canada. What they thought about her was expressed by a group of Frenchspeaking girl recruits who produced a song in which they proclaimed their devoted loyalty to and boundless admiration of "Ma'am Walkaire."

In 1939 she was married to Captain David Walker of the Black Watch, who was in Canada as aide-de-camp to the Governor-General, Lord Tweedsmuir. Captain Walker has been a prisoner of war in Germany since June, 1940, when the 51st Highland Division was forced to surrender for the first time in its history, in the bitter fighting in France just before Dunkirk.

THERE'S SOMETHING about a sailor, so a couple of girls in navy blue uniforms were only mildly surprised when an elderly lady stopped them on a Toronto street and remarked that the Wrens were her favorite service. She added, "I have a niece in the Wrens." "What's her name?" a girl asked

"Adelaide Sinclair."

The girls were so impressed they were speechless. But when the story reached Commander Adelaide Sinclair at the desk in the Naval Headquarters building in Ottawa from which she directs the Women's Royal Canadian Naval Service, she laughed.

Although Mrs. Sinclair is the first Canadian woman to wear the two-and-ahalf stripes of a naval commander on her



Now, probably, you can't afford to spend hours at the beauty parlor. But every day, you can easily take one extra moment to sprinkle Danderine on comb or brush before arranging your hair. And what a difference you'll see!

For Danderine's active formula achieves a thrilling change—adding lively lustre, removing ugly, loose dandruff, making the hair easier to arrange. No tedious massage, no prolonged brushing needed! Start using Danderine regularly now and see how soon you're proud of your hair again!

Danderine

The modern, time-saving way to lovelier hair

every day. All drug and department stores



15c - 2 for 25c



Getting You DOWN?

If morning finds you only half rested, still weary... if your sleep is broken by fitful tossing and turning... if you can't seem to settle down to relaxing rest... your kidneys may be to blame.

When your kidneys get out of order, your sleep usually suffers. To help your kidneys regain a normal condition, to help you enjoy restful sleep—use Dodd's Kidney Pills, a tavourite treatment for more than half a century. Dodd's Kidney Pills are easy to use and are not habit forming. Ask for Dodd's Kidney Pills at any drug counter. Look for the blue box with the red band, 127

Dodd's Kidney Pills



Victorian Sweethearts—a pair of silhouette miniatures to be worked in cross stitch. They are stamped on fine white Irish linen, size, 7 x 9 inches. With cottons for working, they are priced at 40 cents per pair. Order No. 40C.

Wild rose guest towels. The scarcity of linen will make these little towels an exceptionally welcome gift. They come stamped on finest white Irish linen, size, 12 x 18 inches—60 cents per pair. Cottons for working in color desired, 20 cents. Order No. 32C.

(We regret that the Christmas cards usually on sale through this department are not available this year.)





An unusual needlework picture, the forest greens blending beautifully with the soft fawn and brown tones of the animals. It comes stamped on heavy cream Irish linen, 18 x 30 inches; price is \$1.50 and cottons for working come to 30 cents. Order No. C656.

"Little Scottie" bridge cloth. Worked in large cross stitch and especially effective in black on American beauty art felt. With binding in black and elastic for corners — \$1.25; cotton for working, 10c, Order No. 37C.



Reports of Clinically-Supervised Tests Among 2650 Children
Reveal Important Results. Home-Guide Now Ready for You to Use.

Mother, it's your wartime duty to help the doctors remaining at home by doing all you can to avoid sickness—to do all you can to get your family through the winter with fewer colds and shorter colds. And Vicks Scientists have developed a Plan that should help you. In large winter tests made under clinical supervision, reports show children who followed this Vicks Plan had fewer colds . . . shorter colds . . . 50% less sickness from colds. An important record! Of course, Vicks Plan may do less for you—or it may do even more! But at a time like this, it is certainly worth trying.

BRIEFLY HERE'S WHAT YOU DO -



1. Observe a Few Simple Health Rules...Live normally. Avoid excesses, Drink plenty of water. Keep elimination regular. Get needed rest and sleep. Avoid crowds and people who have colds.



2. When a Cold Threatens... At the first warning sign-first sniffle or sneeze—use Vicks Va-tro-nol as directed. If used in time, a few drops of this specialized medication up each nostril aid nature's own defenses against colds—help prevent many colds from developing... clinic-tested VICKS VA-TRO-NOL.



3. If a Cold Should Develop... Some colds slip by all precautions. When one does, rub on Vicks VapoRub at bedtime. Its grand double-action starts to work at once and keeps on working for hours—invites restful, comforting sleep. And often by morning most of the misery of the cold is gone...clinic-tested VICKS VAPORUB.

PUT VICKS PLAN TO WORK IN YOUR HOME TODAY

NOTE: Full details of Vicks Plan in your package of Vicks . . . If the miserable symptoms of a cold are not relieved promptly—or if more serious trouble seems to threaten—call in your family doctor right away.





EXTRA WORK ... dirtier jobs ...all to be done with the same pair of hands that must march the loveliness of your best dress. Let Campana's Italian Balm give your hands its famous protecting care and then... in spite of harder work, your hands will be soft and lovely.

TODAY...more than ever before, your hands need Campana's Balm. A drop or two of this rich, soothing hand lotion does for both hands. A 35c bottle lasts a long time.

FOR OVER 60 YEARS! "Nothing better for the hands", say beauty-wise women. And thank goodness there are 265 applications for both hands, in one bottle; for in these war times the supply of Campana's Balm is unavoidably limited.

POPULAR

CAMPANA'S ITALIAN BALM

Those poor infants—when they got home from Russian school, we immediately made them put in several hours in

English homework.
After our fifth bath, the children and I departed, leaving Polya at the bath house for another hour of social life. We had discovered the Russian version of the local Woman's Club!

Once in a while Polya would get very quiet, and we would know something was worrying her. Once the children had spoken to her, she said, as to a servant and not a comrade. She didn't mind so much for herself, but it showed the children were being wrongly trained, and she had a reputation to keep up for them in the community. Would I please attend to this? It was my place as a mother, not hers as a home-keeper. She accepted the children's apology with dignity, and they mended the error of their ways. It is not easy to undo the insidious education instilled by living in countries where every move of a child is anticipated by an ayah (we had lived in India) or where there is social and educational segregation of groups of people according to color, race, and income. The democratic basis of living in Russia was a factor in character building for the children which Harry and I watched with delight bordering on awe. It became a permanent part of their personality. Polya was the ever-watchful vestal virgin of that fire.

Nicky came down with double mumps. Both sides of her face were swollen Her nose was a round enormously. little button. Her eyes had sunk far back in her face and gleamed like tiny blue marbles. She was a sight to behold, but hardly tempting! When I came home to lunch, I glanced in the isolation room, Polya was bending over Nicky, stroking her cheeks softly and murmuring, "Dear adorable, beloved little piglet-mine!"

We had noticed three treasures in Polya's bedroom: a spring bed, a sewing machine, and a large milk jug in the shape of an ear of corn. The tassel made the lid. The children loved to feel the kernels outlined in the jug, and finally Polya brought it to the apartment saying, "We might as well share this, and it can be used for cocoa." It had been a wedding present, and Polya always had it at her place at the table and trusted it to no one else.

We were leaving for the United States. It was, for several reasons, unbelievably sad that we should be going away. Polya followed us from room to room as we packed. Just as we were getting into the truck to take us to the station, she thrust a crudely wrapped package into my hands.

"Don't open it now. Wait until the train leaves. I love you and the children, and I'll be so happy knowing you are using this wherever you go in the world. Will you promise to use it? Good-by, my darlings. Until we see each other

She stood in the middle of the road, tears streaming down her cheeks, waving both hands above her head, until we went around a curve and lost her . . . We opened the package after the train had started. It was her treasured "ear-of-

We have not heard from you since that day, although we have written. Where are you now, Polya? +



UNCTIONAL period "blues," head-Tache and cramps seem so serious to some girls and women, yet so slight a handicap to others. And the difference in their physical and mental welfare is often due to one little thing-Midol!

Midol is offered only to relieve needless functional periodic pain. It contains no opiates. Yet, if you have no organic disorder calling for special care, it should give you welcome comfort. One ingredient eases headache and muscular pain, another prolongs the relief, and a third ingredient brightens "blues"! Get Midol at any drug--and have it when you need it!

MIDOL

RELIEVES FUNCTIONAL PERIODIC PAIN



IRISH LINENS

VANCOUVER

REAL LACES



CATARRH

NEW British Remedy!

When you suffer from Catarrh get New British
NOSTROLINE' Nasal Remedy at once!
NOSTROLINE' opens breathing passages.

Lubricates. Disinfects. Protects you

NOSTROLINE



Department of Home Mo ment of Home Moragement Conducted by the Chatelaine Institu

> Is the day before Christmas. Already the house is fragrant with pine hustling and rustling and trimmings hustling and rustling and cedar, brilliant with stars and wreaths and trimmings, bustling and must be capacitions for tomorrow, a dinner. and cedar, brilliant with stars and wreaths and trimmings, bustling and rustling with last-minute preparations for tomorrow's dinner.
>
> The cake and pudding the tambon groups for minute preparations for tomorrow's dinner. with last-minute preparations for tomorrow's dinner. The cake and pudding and last-minute preparations for tomorrow's fat with savory stuffing and have mellowed and ripened, the turkey grows fat with savory and relations who heart for all the friends and relations are the heart for all the friends and relations are the heart for all the friends and relations are the heart for all the friends and relations are the heart for all the friends and relations are the heart for all the friends are the heart for all the heart for all the heart for all the friends are the heart for all the heart for all the heart f have mellowed and ripened, the turkey grows fat with savory stuffing and welcome is on the mat and in the heart for all the friends and relations who'll May Christmas bring to you and yours its best of gifts—good cheer and

sit down to our table.

good fellowship.



Westinghouse Wartime Precision



Out of the exacting and unceasing demands for finer war equipment have grown new, higher standards of accuracy which will help to produce better, longer-lasting equipment for your post-war home.

Whatever outward form that home may take, you may be sure of one thing...it will be an electric home.

Into it will go the modern electric devices . . . the Westinghouse refrigerator, range and radio; the Westinghouse washer and the other appliances which will be yours as soon as our skill and resources can be switched from war to peacetime production.

And you may count upon it that the Westinghouse qualities of precision

and dependability will be just as important considerations in planning your "Home of Tomorrow" as they are in equipping our gallant fighting men today.

Today ... Tomorrow ... as in the past ... you can accept the name of Westinghouse as the symbol of intrinsic quality and lasting value.





The CANADA STARCH COMPANY, Limited



constantly over hot water until thickened. Season and add the lettuce. Press the corn through a sieve and add to the soup. Reheat and serve. Six servings.

Giblet Gravy

(A Chatelaine Institute appro

Cover the giblets (liver, heart and gizzard) and the neck with cold water. Simmer slowly until tender, then drain, remove the meat from the neck and chop it fine with the giblets. Save the liquid. Heat four teaspoonfuls of drippings from the pan in which the turkey was roasted and blend with four tablespoonfuls of flour. Stir in four cupfuls of the giblet stock, adding water if necessary and cook until thickened, stirring constantly. Add the chopped giblets and season to taste with salt and pepper.

Cranberry Horse-radish Relish

(A Chatclaine Institute approved recipe)

11/3 Cupfuls of raw cranberries

3 Cupful of grated horseradish

Mix the chopped cranberries with the grated horse-radish and let stand for several hours. Makes about two cupfuls of relish.

Spinach Ring With Savory Beets (A Chatclaine Institute approved recipe)

Season cooked chopped spinach and mix with a little butter. Pack while hot into a greased ring mold. Unmold onto a hot platter; fill the centre and surround the ring with hot cubed beets which have been mixed with French dressing. Sprinkle the top with finely cut raw onion and

Sour Cream Waldorf Salad

2 Teaspoonfuls of lemon juice

1/2 Teaspoonful of salt

1 to 2 Tablespoonfuls of sugar

3/4 Cupful of thick sour cream

34 Cupful of chopped celery 3½ Cupfuls of diced red apples (unpeeled)

1/4 Cupful of nuts if desired Lettuce or other greens

Add the lemon juice, salt and sugar to the sour cream and mix well. Combine the chopped celery and diced apple and add to the sour cream dressing. Serve in lettuce cups and sprinkle the top with nuts. Six servings.

Steamed Cranberry Pudding

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

2 Cupfuls of fresh cranberries

11/3 Cupfuls of flour

Teaspoonful of salt

1/4 Teaspoonful each of allspice, cloves and nutmeg

2 Teaspoonfuls of soda

1 Tablespoonful of melted shortening

1/3 Cupful of hot water

1/4 Cupful of honey

Grated rind of one orange

Halve the cranberries and add to the flour which has been sifted, measured and sifted again with the other dry ingredients. Combine the melted shortening, hot water, honey and orange rind, and add to the first mixture, mixing until well blended. Pour the batter into a well-greased mold, then cover and steam for 21/2 hours. Unmold and serve with sauce. Six servings. +

A LITTLE PORK... A LOT OF SERVINGS!



Sift together

Stir in

1 cup flour

1 tsp. Magic Baking Powder

1/4 tsp. salt

1 beaten egg

3/4 cup milk

2 tbsps. melted shortening

Grease skillet lightly. Make 6 large thin pancakes about 5 inches across. When brown on both sides, heap in centers a filling made of 11/2 cups of chopped cooked pork moistened with 1 cup gravy or white sauce. Roll up, place on hot platter and pour remaining sauce over rolls.



BE meat-wise! Serve these meat-thrifty
Magic Pork Rolls often. They're easy on the larder, easy on the budget . . . and so downright appetizing they'll make a big hit!

Just remember that for sure-fire tender, tempting goodness, Magic Baking Powder is a "must". Pure, wholesome Magic can be depended on-for uniformly successful baking. Canada's leading cookery experts have long recommended Magic; now that food is more precious, it's economy-wise to insist on Magic, every time.

S-T-R-E-T-C-H IT WITH MAGIC!

MADE IN CANADA



I Need the VITALITY ELEMENT Stored in Quaker Oats

Here is serious news for every mother. War has brought a shortage of a basic Vitality Element every child must have for normal growth. This basic substance is Protein. It is the main element of meat. Adults must have this same Vitality Element for stamina and energy.

bave this same Vitality Element for stamina and energy.

Our most bountiful replacement source is natural whole grains. Natural oatmeal like Quaker Oats contains more of this great Vitality Element than any other whole grain. Its protein is more valuable for growth and stamina than that of any other cereal.

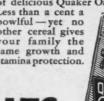
Actually, whole-grain Quaker Oats pro-

other cereal.

Actually, whole-grain Quaker Oats provides as much protein per ounce, as pork chops or eggs.

Oatmeal also leads all natural cereals in

Vitamin B₁. This will especially interest you if your child is inclined to be fidgety, irritable, picky about foods. For this vitamin is needed for healthy nerves and digestion and appetite. Lack of it also commonly means constipation. And everyone must have this vitamin for peak energy. Remember 504 out of 514 Food Authorities recently recommended a hot breakfast for growing children and working adults. So play safe. Serve big appetizing bowls of delicious Quaker Oats in the morning. Less than a cent a bowlful—yet no other cereal gives your family the same growth and stamina protection.

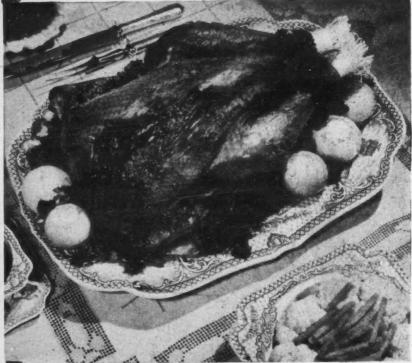


Delicious! Whole Grain

Truly, Canada's Favourite Breakfast

Old-Fashioned HRISTMAS

By Helen G. Campbell



All eyes on the turkey—stuffed, trussed and roasted to a delicious "turn."

appointments courtesy T. Eaton Co. Ltd. turkey from the Georgian Room.

CHRISTMAS is just for the children -don't you believe it! It's for all of us - the youngsters and the oldsters, the stay-at-homes and the homecomers, those who prepare the dinner and those who eat it and help with the dishes afterward.

And we all like the same kindfragrant odors in the kitchen, tinselly baubles all over the place, red candles, green wreaths, pine cones, mysterious packages, big bowls of shining apples, a turkey on the table all crackly brown and a nice drowsy feeling after the feast.

So let's have a real old-fashioned Christmas-to heck with blue and white trees and all such goings-on! Let's have the traditional trappings, the food, the fixin's, the fun. keep it, as it should be, an affair of the heart and an occasion for good digestive powers.

Dinner begins with soup - a smooth cream of something to preface the turkey or chicken, a tangy tomato if it comes before goose or a brace of ducks. The fowl is replete with stuffin' seasoned to savoriness and with it comes brown giblet gravy, a great mound of mashed potatoes, big dishes of vegetables-parsnips and carrots paired together, turnips, squash, creamed onions or vivid diced beets in and around a ring of spinach. Salad is the old-time Waldorf-with or without nuts, depending. And dessert is a tall, dark and handsome pudding, fragrant with spice and full of rich fruity flavor. There'll be coffee afterward served round the fire or at

the table if the folks are not yet able to move.

We're all set for an old-fashioned Christmas; now if the boys and girls can get leave and heaven will only

Chatelaine Christmas Menu (A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

Cream of Lettuce and Corn Soup Roast Turkey Mushroom or Celery Stuffing Giblet Gravy Fluffy Mashed Potatoes Spinach Ring with Savory Beets Cranberry Horse-radish Relish or Currant or Crab Apple Jelly Assorted Pickles Sour Cream Waldorf Salad Christmas Pudding

Cream of Lettuce and Corn Soup (A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 2 Tablespoonfuls of butter or mild dripping
- 2 Teaspoonfuls of chopped onion
- 31/2 Tablespoonfuls of flour
- Quart of milk
- 1 Teaspoonful of salt Few grains of pepper
- 1 Cupful of finely chopped lettuce
- 1 Cupful of cream style corn

Melt the butter in the top of a double boiler. Add the onions and cook until tender over direct heat. Add the flour and blend well, gradually add the milk, stirring



For Christmas entertaining: crimson cranberry filling in bran pastry shells. Serve a la mode !! you like.

BREAKFAST (Sunday Orange Juice Tiny Sausages Buckwheat Cakes Syrup Coffee Tea

Cereal with Raisins Foast Jelly Coffee Tea

Toast Coffee

Half Grapefruit Cereal Toast Jam Coffee Cocoa

Prune Juice with Lemon Cereal Toast Marmalade Coffee Tea Toast Coffee

Oranges
Soft-cooked Eggs
Brown Toast Jelly
Coffee Tea

Tomato Juice Cereal Toasted Muffins Jam Coffee Tea

25. (Christmas Day)
Cranberry Juice
Fish Cakes with Poached
Eggs
Toast
Coffee Tea

26. (Sunday)
Baked Apples
Cereal
Toast Conserve
Coffee Tea

Orange and Grape Juice Cereal Toast Marmalade Coffee Tea

Half Grapefruit Cereal Toast Jelly Coffee Cocoa

Stewed Apples Whole-wheat Griddle Cakes Syrup Coffee Tea

Grapes Cereal Corn Muffins Jam Coffee Cocoa

Orange Sections
Cereal
Toasted Raisin Bread
Coffee Tea

LUNCHEON or SUPPER

Creamed Sweetbreads on Toast Jellied Cranberry Molds on Lettuce Fruit Cup Small Cakes Tea Cocoa

Ramekins of Savory Rice with Left-over Duck Raw Carrot Slivers Canned Fruit Doughnuts Tea Cocoa

Curried Eggs and Vegetables on Toast Celery Jellied Prunes with Plain Cream

Savory Spaghetti and Tomatoes Coleslaw Brown Bread Floating Island Tea Cocoa

Casserole of Diced Left-over Beef with Vegetables Apple, Celery and Nut Salad Fruited Oat Muffins Tea Cocoa

Toasted Cheese Sandwiches Pickles Baked Apples Mincemeat Stuffing Tea Cocoa

Cream of Tomato Soup Platter of Cold Tongue and Salami Green Salad Bowl Hot Biscuits Cheese Tea Cocoa

Assorted Sandwiches Celery Curls Bowl of Fresh Fruits Christmas Cake Tea Cocoa

Cream of Potato and Celery Soup
Crackers
Lettuce with Russian Dressing
Baked Pears Bran Muffins
Tea Cocoa

Baked Beans (pre-cooked)
Chili Sauce
Raw Vegetable Salad
Maple Rennet Salad
Tea Cocoa

Baked Stuffed Potatoes with Sardines Canned Cherries Cookies Tea Cocoa

Bean Soup Croutons Jellied Tomato and Cheese Salad Raisin Bread Tea

Tea Cocoa

Cold Sliced Tongue
Raw Beet and Celery Salad
Parsley Biscuits
Cranberry Tarts
Tea Cocoa

DINNER
Roast Duck
Baked Potatoes
Braised Celery
Chocolate Ice Crean
Cake
Tea

Hot Tomato Juice Stewed Spareribs Boiled Potatoes Sauerkraut Apple Sauce Cookies Coffee Tea

Pot Roast of Beef Lyonnaise Potatoes Mashed Turnips Steamed Suet Pudding Lemon Sauce Coffee Tea

Mushroom Soup Cold Sliced Pot Roast Baked Potatoes String Beans Deep Apple Pie Coffee Tea

Liver and Onions Mashed Potatoes Stewed Tomatoes Baked Rice Custard Coffee Tea

Cream of Carrot Soup Fresh Fish Fillets Tartare Sauce Potato Cakes Coleslaw Lemon Meringue Pie Coffee Tea

Christmas Dinner on Page 52. Or choose one of your own— anything from Suckling Pig to Pot Pie.

Broiled Sirloin Steak Mashed Potatoes Creamed Artichokes Mince Pie Coffee Tea

Pork Hocks with Sauerkraut Baked Potatoes Pumpkin Tarts Coffee Tea

Cheese Souffle Lyonnaise Potatoes Brussels Sprouts Baked Apples Coffee Tea

Tomato Juice
Beef Stew with Vegetables
Dumplings
Oatmeal Apple Crisp
Coffee Tea

Boiled Spiced Tongue Mashed Potatoes Boiled Cabbage Steamed Cranberry Pudding Coffee Tea



CANADIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC'S NEW Suggestion Book to Help Solve Wartime Housekeeping Problems



THIS compact, specially written guide to wartime housekeeping contains the answers to hundreds of questions about ration-stretching, food-storage, fuel saving and clothes care. It contains pages of special wartime recipes, wartime menus and advice about food budgeting and marketing. There are diagrams, charts and many other helpful illustrations. You can obtain a copy free for your home by mailing the coupon below - today.

Mail this Coupon FOR FREE COPY OF BOOK EMII43



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Please send me my free copy of your booklet: "How to Solve ome of Your Wartime Home Problems."

CANADIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC CO.



It means more rich brown gravy from meat rations... more appetizing dishes from leftovers. And you need never waste a bit of that vitamin-rich vegetable water with some OXO to turn it into a delicious, nourishing soup. OXO gives the flavour and goodness of beef to your cooking. Count on it in this strenuous business of wartime meal planning.

"Try this one" "It's easy and mighty good" -says the OXO chef:

ONION SOUP

(Serves 6)

(Serves 6)

2 large onions
2 tablespoons butter
2 tablespoons flour
8 cups water (vegetable or plain)
2 "OXO" cubes or 2 tsp. Fluid OXO
1 tablespoon salt
½ teaspoon pepper
6 slices dry bread
½ cup grated cheese
Chep or slice onions float Resum in

Chop or slice onions fine. Brown in butter. Add flour and water, OXO and seasoning. Cook thoroughly. Place slices of bread in individual soup dishes. Sprinkle with cheese. Pour soup.



51/2 oz. bottle-20 OXO Cubes 11 oz. bottle-40 OXO Cubes

Meals of the Month DECEMBER

BREAKFAST	LUNCHEON of SUPPER	DINNER
1. Cereal with Added Wheat Germ Scrambled Eggs	Creamed Sliced Wieners on Toast Coleslaw	Tomato Juice Baked Meat Loaf Scalloped Potatoes Buttered Carrots
Toast Coffee Tea	Apple Sauce Doughnuts Tea Cocoa	Coffee Caramel Sauce To
2. Half Grapefruit Cereal Toast Coffee Tea	Bean Soup Jellied Vegetable Salad Canned Pears Drop Cookies Tea Cocoa	Cold Meat Loaf Mustard Relish Scalloped Potatoes Spinach Baked Apples with Cream Coffee Tea
Tomato Juice Soft-cooked Eggs Toast Jam Coffee Tea	Scalloped Corn Bran Muffins Hot Mince Turnovers Tea Cocoa	Halibut Steaks Pan-fried Potatoes Coleslaw Jellied Fruits Custard Sauce Coffee Tea
4. Stewed Prunes Cereal Plain Muffins Jelly Coffee Tea	Cream of Potato Soup Cheese Toast and Bologna Dill Pickles Waldorf Salad Tea Cocoa	Tomato Cocktail Steak and Kidney Pic Buttered Onions Mashed Squash Grape Juice Tapioca Pudding Coffee Tea
5. (Sunday) Sliced Oranges Cereal Toast Marmalade Coffee Tea	Chicken Soup Pilchard and Celery Salad Hot Biscuits or Muffins Lime Apple Whip Tea Cocoa	Roast Shoulder of Lamb Browned Potatoes Brussels Sprouts Vanilla Ice Cream Coffee Tea
6. Grape Juice with Lemon Cereal Toasted Biscuits or Muffins Coffee Tea	Baked Beans (pre-cooked) Catsup Celery Boston Brown Bread Canned Cherries Wafers Tea Cocoa	Clear Tomato Soup Cold Roast Lamb Browned Potato Cakes Peas Caramel Pudding Coffee Tea
7. Stewed Apples Cereal French Toast Syrup Coffee Tea	Curried Rice with Minced Left-over Lamb Tomato Jelly Salad on Lettuce Chocolate Rennet Custard Tea Cocoa	Oven-cooked Flank Steak Mashed Potatoes Harvard Beets Gingerbread Lemon Sauce Coffee Tea
8. Cold Tomatoes Cereal Toast Jelly Coffee Tea	Sausages Boiled Shredded Cabbage Apple Snow Gingerbread (from Tuesday) Tea Cocoa	Barley Soup Baked Stuffed Potatoes String Beans Buttered Carrots Glazed Parsnips Cranberry Tarts Coffee
9. Orange Juice Cod Fish Cakes Tomato Sauce Toast Coffee Tea	Scrambled Eggs with Onion and Green Pepper Brown Toast Fruit Cup Oatmeal Cookies Tea Cocoa	Braised Short Ribs of Beef Boiled Potatoes Mashed Turmps Barley Pudding Coffee
Stewed Prunes Cereal Toast Conserve Coffee Cocoa	Cream of Celery Soup Peanut Butter or Vegetable Salad Sandwiches Half Grapefruit Tea Cocoa	Cabbage W Tuesday) Cocoa Tuesday Cocoa ith Onion pper pper pst eal Cookies Cocoa V Soup Vegetable ches ruit Cocoa Baked Stuffed Potatoes String Beans Buttered Carrots Glazed Parsnips Cranberry Tarts Coffee Tea Braised Short Ribs of Beel Boiled Potatoes Mashed Turnips Barley Pudding Coffee Steamed Fish Loaf Egg Sauce Parsley Potatoes Parsley Potatoes Creamy Rice Chocolate Sauc Coffee Tea
Cereal with Added Wheat Germ Toast Marmalade Coffee Tea	Scalloped Potatoes with Onion Lettuce Salad Orange and Prune Whip Tea Cocoa	Beef Stew Dumplings Carrots and Parsnips Lemon Bread Pudding Coffee Tea
12. (Sunday) Grapes Cereal Poached Eggs on Toast Coffee Tea	Ramekins of Macaroni, Tomato and Cheese Carrot Fingers Brown Rolls Butterscotch Apples Tea	Dressed Tenderloin Baked Potatoes Creamed Cauliflower Spiced Pear Tarts Coffee Tea
Orange Halves Cereal Toasted Rolls Coffee Tea	Cold Sliced Tenderloin Pickles Grated Raw Vegetable Salad Canned Plums Cake Tea Cocoa	Browned Hamburger and Onions Pan-fried Potatoes Stewed Tomatoes Steamed Carrot Pudding Brown Sugar Sauce Coffee Tea
Tomato Juice Cereal Toast Coffee Tea	Scalloped Potatoes with Liver Chili Sauce Individual Fruit Shortcakes with Cream Tea Cocoa	Vegetable Soup Grilled Ciscoes Creamed Potatoes Green Salad Bowl Pumpkin Pie Coffee Tea
Apple Sauce Milk Toast Scones Coffee Tea	Tomato Bouillon Baked Onions, Stuffed with Celery and Cheese Caramel Custard Icebox Cookies Tea Cocoa	Boiled Brisket Mustard Sauce Mashed Potatoes Cabbage Steamed Cranberry Cup Cakes Coffee Orange Sauce Te
Grapefruit Cereal Toast Coffee Tea	Frankfurters Buttered Noodles Baked Apples Raisin Bread Tea Cocoa	Beef and Potato Hash Spinach with Poached Eggs Buttered Carrots Chocolate Blancmange Coffee Tea

Stewed Apples French Toast Jelly

Baked Dressed Heart Mashed Potatoes Scalloped Tomatoes and Onions Onions
Cottage Pudding
Maple Syrup Tea



with a little diced apple, sweeten to taste, strain and chill. Then pour into slim frosty-edged glasses and pass round in the living room.

To give your glasses that snowy look, dip the rims in lightly beaten egg whites, then in powdered sugar. Let dry, then fill. Tricky!

Coffee with cream, or dark as midnight, makes the proper landfall after your gastronomic flight.

You can't judge a book by its cover or a gift by its wrapping, but Christmas calls for a little make-up. 拉拉

Born carvers are as rare as a hen's tooth, but anyone can do a neat job if he makes a study of the bird's anatomy beforehand. And if he has the right tools—a sturdy fork and a businesslike, sbarp knife.

If dreams come true and we get a white Christmas, build a snowman on the lawn and let him hold the birds' dinner. Give him two coals for eyes-if you can spare them-a small

GELATINE IS A WEAPON

OF WAR!

War takes gelatine. Capsules to hold the drugs that save men's lives are made with gelatine. So are the films used in X-rays and in all military photography. Those are just two of its essential uses. And for them all, only the best grade of gelatine will serve.

Perhaps, when your grocer's present supply is gone, you will not be able to get Knox Gelatine until after

red apple for his nose and a band of curly paper strips for a beard. Then put a board across his tummy and sprinkle with crumbs, grain and suet. The birds ought to sing you a Christmas carol

For a children's party pile ice cream in paper cups and "plant" in them little Christmas trees made from popcorn ball mixture.

** Here's another new trick with that old favorite confection: Put syrup-coated popcorn into a ring mold, then when set turn out and decorate with peel and cherries. Christmas wreath!

Highlights on stuffings: Season to the Queen's taste, don't cram in as much as the bird's interior will hold, but leave a little room for the bread to swell a bit. A 12-pound turkey accommodates about 15 cupfuls comfortably. If you want extra, cook it in a separate pan; any leftover dressing makes good topping for casseroles and binder for meat

**

Cooking suggestions: Use a slow oven—300 to 325 deg Fahr.—for turkey, 325 to 350 for a 5- to 6-pound duck or chicken, or for a 9- to 10pound goose. Don't cover the roaster and don't add water to the pan. Baste occasionally with the pan dripping. Time of cooking varies from about 20 minutes to the pound for a monster turkey to 25 minutes per for a smaller one and other fowl.

















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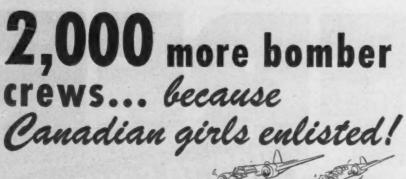
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Airwomen in the R.C.A.F. have already made it possible for 2,000 bomber crews to fly against the enemy. Enlist now and share their proud record—you can give a man his wings.

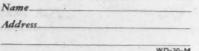
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"She Serves, that men may fly."





RCAF

CHRISTMAS JOTTINGS

AS A WIND-UP for a Christmas Eve party, pop corn at the fireplace, quaff sweet cider, sing songs and wait for Santa Claus.

Christmas is a time for painting the town red—bows on the door, candles in the window, brilliant fixings on the table and all over the place.

The goose hangs high in favor for the Christmas feast. A nine-to-ten pounder makes a fine meal for about six people.



If you can't think of a better centrepiece for your buffet party table, have a cookie tree. Cut it out of plywood, mount on a solid base and cover with shelf edging or paper doilies. Hang racks of cookies on little brass hooks which you've screwed into the wood.

Garnish the fowl, but don't clutter the platter. Otherwise it is not peace on earth at the head of the table.

Come December if the cake and pudding are not already on your shelves, they're on your conscience. You can't put off the making much longer, not if you want them with their most luscious flavor.

Duck makes a duck of a dinner too. Chicken is an appropriate highlight and a roast of beef is an old English custom. Or Mary might cook a little lamb. Or serve four-and-twenty blackbirds baked in a pie. What's your dish?

Real devotees of plum pudding or mince pie won't give other desserts a look-in at the holiday table. I hope their digestions are as strong as their convictions. But Christmas is no time to worry too much about digestions anyway. Go right ahead.

Me, I belong to the opposition party believing that a whip, a snow pudding, trifle, ice cream, cranberry tarts or a quivery jelly can be made as Christmassy as a jingle bell.

Here is another of my firm beliefs: I still think that eatables are the best gift ever, particularly if I'm on the receiving end.

Iced cranberry juice—sparkling, sharp-flavored, refreshing—is a good take-off for your Christmas dinner. Cook the berries in a lot of water



"Well, what now, you old chimney climber?"
"Just a reminder.. give everybody Sweet Caps!"

SWEET CAPORAL CIGARETTES

"The purest form in which tobacco can be smoked"





Home on Leave

By Helen G. Campbell

They're wearing the khaki or the blue and a grin that not only won't come off but grows wider every minute. For it's Christmas, and it's Christmas leave, so what more in the world could a fellow ask!

The only people who can match that thrill and smile are the folks at the other end of the line counting the seconds till the train gets in. It does at last and soon you are all together round the fire, and this is the best Christmas Eve any of you have ever known.

It will be the best dinner tomorrow too, for there's nothing like home cooking and no cooking like Mom's. So don't try to have things "different" this year; it's the old familiar smells and flavors they love best and have looked forward to for weeks on end.

SO LET them choose their own entertainment. For one thing, I'll wager they'll want to have their old crowd inand it would be nice to give them a party, wouldn't it? Say a self-serve supper when they all troop in after skating, skiing, or seeing a movie—just like old times

Give them good husky food—baked beans (from a whopping bean pot) or a big bowl of fish chowder or onion soup and crisp crackers or crusty brown rolls to go with it. Then pile up slices of buttered bread, set out little dishes of sandwich

spreads and they'll make their own double deckers. To wash it all down, a big pot of hot cocoa. And for both decoration and dessert a bowl of apples with bright shiny faces.

How would you like to serve sizzling hamburger patties on split flat rolls-with mustard and horse-radish? Rye bread and onion sandwiches as an alternative or addition. And

cheese and crackers to top off with.

Another hit would be cold cuts, a dish of scalloped potatoes, brown or white bread, relishes or pickles and an upside-down cake with apple rings and cherry topping.

Whatever you decide to have, set the meal on the table and arrange the necessary implements conveniently, then turn the dining room over to the young fry-and a good time will be had by all.

Sunday night supper is another good plan for entertaining a lot of people with little fuss. The girls love it. And so do the men, provided the menu is not too trifling and they have a place to set down their cups. It might be nice to ask the uncles, aunts and cousins to this party, or let the homecomers choose the company they'd like to have. Here's a meal you could arrange on plates in the kitchen and pass round.

Individual Chicken Pie

Red Currant Jelly or Raw Cranberry Relish (in lettuce cup) Celery Curls Homemade Rolls Bread and Butter Gingerbread Cup Cakes

(hollowed out and filled with ice cream) Fruit Punch Coffee



Spode STARTER SEJ

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The appealing naturainess of this hand painted floral pattern has made it continuously popular since the early 1800's. Its beauty will add enjoyment to your every meal.



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That absent boy friend—or husband—who has your photo pinned up—Will you look good to him when he comes home? Your charm, poise, beauty and good humor depend so largely upon health. And your programme for good health should include B-vitamins. Because many diets are low in these B-Vitamins, take ONE-A-DAY brand, Vitamin B-Compound Tablets for a while. From these you will get definite he toward an improved nervous system—better digestion and appetite—more pep—brighter outlook on life—fuller assimilation of food and general improvement in health. You take only one tablet a day. Pleasant in flavor—low in cost. 30 tablets \$1.35—90 tablets \$3.25.

ONE-A-DAY Brand, VITAMIN B-COMPOUND TABLETS



At the



CHRISTMAS MORNING comes early to the rectory and the manse and the parsonage. It's often ushered in with the solemnity of the candlelight service and a busy round of activity begins with the day.

Dinner is an important event when the family comes home from church, but it takes some skilful planning to have the fowl done to a turn and served with all the traditional trimmings before it's time for visits to the shut-ins of the

If it's goose you're having, you can save time and give it a nicer flavor by pre-cooking it the day before-without stuffing. Drain off the fat and when the bird is cool, dress it ready for tomorrow. Take it out of the refrigerator early in the morning, slip it in the oven, then before leaving the house, set the control at 325 deg. Fahr, and it cooks slowly and safely while you're away. Dinner will have to wait only as long as it takes to get the vegetables on their way and ready, for the appetizer can be prepared in advance and the pudding has been made days ahead.

If you can control the heat of your oven to a low steady temperature, you can go off to church with an easy mind; otherwise you'd better have a whopping big breakfast and plan to serve your dinner in the evening when the day's work is done.

MENU

Tomato and Celery Appetizer Roast Goose Stuffed Onions Green Beans or Parsley Carrots Mashed Potatoes Apple Sauce Pickles Steamed Cranberry Pudding

Toffee Sauce OR THIS:

Hot Tomato Bouillon Roast Duck with Bread and Apple Dressing Creamed or Mashed Potatoes

String Beans or Green Salad, Glazed Parsnips, Apple Jelly Mince Pie with or without an Ice-

Cream Garnish Tomato bouillon is half and half canned consomme and tomato juice, seasoned to taste and served hot with crisp biscuits or melba toast. A fivepound duck goes only far enough for four people. So if you will have double that number around your table you had better buy a pair or choose some bigger fowl. +



Blows for Freedom

• Keeping open the lifelines of democracy, the British and Canadian Navies are helping to bring closer the day when, once again, you'll enjoy Peek, Frean's famous English Biscuits and crisp, crunchy.

crunchy, healthful, Vita-Weat Crispbread.

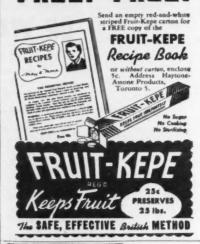


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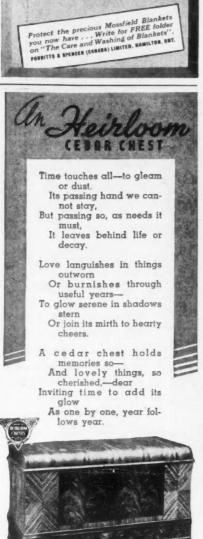
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For 60 years Vapo-Cresolene has been the standby in thousands of homes everywhere. Its penetrating vapors help relieve the paroxysms of whooping cough and spasmodic croup and coughs due to bronchial irritations and colds. No other remedy is quite like it. Soothing, harmless medicated vapors. Lamp style vaporizer. Directions enclosed.









An Heirloom Cedar Chest is designed to be a treasured possession—a handsome piece of home furnishing.

"Jessica!" he said huskily, dazed at what he read.

Her head tilted back against his shoulder, his mouth came down hard on her mouth. Sweet weakness filled her. She had loved Philip so long—his mouth that was gentle and strong, his deep-set grey eyes, his long sensitive hands.

She closed her eyes and let his kisses drain away the last of her hurt and her doubt and her hunger. It was like giving herself up to an irresistible currentprofound merging that must sweep them along together for the rest of their lives.

Surely he felt it too.
"Jessica—" He sounded shaken. He did feel it. This was what she'd been living for. Nothing mattered before, nothing mattered after. Only this. "In case we don't get out alive, I think it's right now to let you know—I always have, I always will—love you—"

He broke off; his whole body rigid with listening. His arms were still alout her but his print there.

with listening. His arms were still about her, but his spirit was out there in the storm now. Then she heard it too. Distant shouts.

Ross! Wouldn't you know it! Hadn't he always come between them like this? She wanted to cry, brokenly and bitterly.

For Philip the lover had vanished, leaving only Philip the pal.

"Good boy! I told you he'd make it. You've got Ross to thank for breaking in on my morbid ravings. Deathbed statements are notoriously unreliable, Jessica old girl." His tone was rueful and wry, as though to say, "Don't be afraid I'll hold you to anything I said, now that we're all alive and safe; Ross has so much that I haven't got—"
She squared her mouth like a child

+ Continued on next page







Neighborly Gifts

From one Kitchen to another-If you're noted for your cakes, if you're known as a "born" pastry cook, if you known as a "born" pastry cook, if you make the best puddings, the clearest jelly or the most delicious pickles, you can solve the gift problem in your own mixing bowl or preserving kettle and send your specialty to particular friends.

For a Business Girl-Cut a chicken into pieces, brown in hot fat and put in a round oven-proof glass cake pan with a little water. Turn matching pan upside down over it, then bake in a slow oven until almost tender. Heat a can of condensed cream of mushroom soup with a little milk, stir until smooth, pour over chicken and complete cooking.



LUMINUM COOKING UTE



DON'T LET THE CALENDAR FOOL YOU

EUERY DAY IN THE YEAR!

When outdoor temperatures take a nose dive—it still is "summer" in your kitchen. Dry heat in the average home during the cold weather, causes food to spoil rapidly and lose much of its nutritive value, if not protected,

Foods need the "moist-cold" found only in an ice refrigerator to guard against loss of freshness and health-building vitamins and minerals,

Today's higher food costs and shortages, make it a duty to get full value from the food you buy. Use ice every day in the year—for safety—for saving!



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Chreesome Continued from page 7

smug when you got Philip into the fix

in the first place-

But she didn't say it. For one thing, she was too frightened. The storm was upon them. They had two trackless miles to trudge, and Philip was Iame. They picked up their stuff and set out. She was not mollified, even when Ross found a stout staff for Philip and shouldered all of Philip's load, over the latter's objections.

PHILIP'S gait was growing slower. It was when they faced a ridge rising up steeply before them where no ridge ought to have been that they knew they were lost. And that Philip was done in.

It was Ross who finally said, "Philip, your ankle's swelling like a football bladder. We'll have to leave you somewhere and push on for help.

Philip started to protest that he could make it. Then he thought better of it. He said soberly, "Okay. We passed a big uprooted pine a few minutes ago. The roots made a lean-to."

They turned back. It was as Philip had said. The great tree lay uprooted in some past storm. The great tree lay flat, shallow upright circle of its interlaced roots, packed with earth, tilted forward over a dry hollow beneath.

Ross spread out blankets, forced his warm windbreaker jacket on Philip, assuring him he was sweating like a

buck-and-wing dancer.
"Gosh, Ross, I feel like a baby in a bassinet here, while you two buck the storm for me!" Philip grinned an

apology. Ross went on stacking firewood and

looking very dauntless and intrepid all the while. And when Philip hurried them off-Jessica could see that he was worrying only about their reaching warmth and safety—Ross had to stop to call back, "'Neither snow, nor rain, nor heat, nor gloom of night stays these couriers—!"

The laughing hero, game to the end, she thought scornfully.

The snow was growing thicker and It weighted their feet and stickier. slowed their pace and made a stinging buffeting against their faces. She kept looking back over her shoulder. In a minute Philip's shelter would be blotted

Ross halted again, staring at "another darn hill that oughtn't to be there.'

Jessica was still looking back. She tugged at his sleeve in a sudden gesture of appeal. "I'm going back to Philip," she burst out, above the gale.
"You are! Why?"

"Because he's there alone-and his foot's bunged up-

Ross shook his head as though trying to clear his thoughts as well as his eye-lashes of the obscuring snow. "He won't like it-my letting you go back. I'll admit I'm lost, but our chances of getting out are twice as good as of our finding Philip again."

"That's it-that's what I mean, Ross. If help shouldn't reach him, I'd-I'd want to be there-

She was frankly crying. The drops froze on her cheeks. Ross didn't seem to notice. As always, he was ready to believe what he wanted to believe. "Yes—maybe you're right, It'd be a hard trip and I'll make better time alone. I'll bring help as fast as I can."



If you never used your Electrical Appliances, perhaps they would last forever! But who wants to do without the convenience and pleasure afforded by these effi-cient servants? Keep them clean! Provide a special place for them when not in use—away from dust, and safe from accidental damage. Keep cords free of kinks-away from hot surfaces. Use electric current only when you need it.





HERE 'S a man's breakfast. Tempting hotcakes, golden Mapeline Syrup—Canada's favorite syrup. Make it today with or without sugar. Get Mapeline from your grocer, now!

3 GRAND WAYS TO MAKE MAPELINE SYRUP



APELIN the "Extra-Help" Flavor in Wartime

He turned with a wave and plodded on, a bent, snow-plastered figure. She had retraced only a few steps in their fast-filling tracks when a thought struck her. The matches! Had Ross absentmindedly stuck them in his pocket after he'd built Philip's fire?

She turned around once more and umbled after Ross. "The matches, stumbled after Ross. "The match Ross—the matches!" she screamed.

But it was useless. Ross was too far ahead. The wind blew her voice back into her teeth. She could just discern his bowed figure, plowing along in the driving whiteness, one arm outstretched as though touching something. tried to run, but the deep snow shackled her. When she reached the place where she had last seen him, he was out of sight.

She stopped in sudden surprise. He bad been touching something. A wire, strung along at fence height from tree to It must be the telephone line tree. leading down from the summer fire lookout on the Crest. What a stroke of luck! Ross had only to follow it down to civilization. It meant they weren't lost;

help would come.
"Oh, thank you, God!" she breathed limply as she headed back to Philip.

SHE CALLED out happily when she neared the shelter. His voice came back, alarmed, questioning, "What's back, alarmed, questioning. wrong, Jessica?"

"I came back-" sudden shyness overwhelmed her. She couldn't blurt out "-because I love you." She added breathlessly, ducking under the shelter, "It was so cold, Philip!"

"Why, you're frozen. You poor kid!" Philip had hold of her hands now and was rubbing them anxiously. "Here, crawl in by me. I'll put on more wood. Where's that extra vacuum bottle of coffee ?" His thoughts were all of her.

He drew her close to him. It was surprisingly cosy under the slanting shelter. The storm was at their backs. The fire warmed their faces. They had plenty of blankets, a whole untouched cake, and a quart of hot coffee. And Philip was the Philip she loved-taking care of her, tucking blankets around her, smiling down at her with that dear grave Philip look.

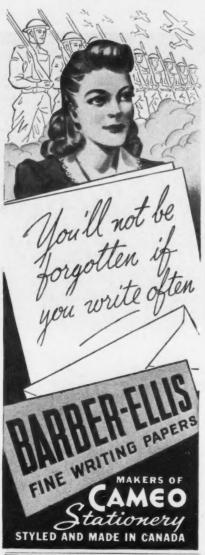
They drained the last of the coffee and settled back. It was only common sense for Philip to put his arms around her and hold her close to him as a shield against the cold outside. Her heart beat loud and slow and deliciously.

In a minute she must break in and tell about Ross' good luck in finding the wire. It had been so nice to be rid of Ross for a few minutes. Ross was soso present, as a rule.

"I started to tell you," she began, "Ross will probably be back any minute now—he was lucky—he's per-fectly safe—"

"Of course he's safe," said Philip heartily. "Don't you worry about that lad. He could give pointers to old Theseus on getting out of a Greek labyrinth. We needn't worry about Ross!" Why, he was trying to comfort her, to reassure her. So he wasn't certain they'd come out alive. He went on, more gravely now, "But anyhow, we could last quite a long while here together, my darling-"

My darling! Not Jessica-child, not Jessica old girl. But my darling! She looked up at him, mutely offering him her life and herself in her glance.







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Why, the big bluff. A date with Kay Francis! Did he honestly think he could put that over?

Then she swallowed hard. For she saw with sudden clearness that—braggart, bluff, show-off though he might be—he had, at that moment, made the most prodigal gesture of his life. He had loosed Philip from his everlasting sense of loyalty where she was concerned. He had given Philip back to himself—and to her.

For the first time in four years she didn't hate the tie between the two men. She didn't want to destroy it as so many women have destroyed their men's loyalties to each other. She thought



Hang the holly Light the tree Christmas comes!

"Remember, heart . .
Remember . . .
The one before the last,
A light one . . a white one .
(This goes past!)

There's no time for weeping And none for tears But somewhere there'll be joy again, Along the years.

And somewhere there'll be cutter rides.
And light, swift song
And laughter . . . and togetherness.
(O. not too long

Beloved Christmas Mother, Let the carols ring And lovers be too lonely To laugh and sing.)



instead of the years ahead, war years some of them, when men leaned on their friendships with other men. She knew, with a deep ache inside her and a stinging under the eyelids, that the days—and the nights—would be more bearable for their having that hackneyed thing called a "buddy," a "pal."

As the door shut behind Ross, Philip said gently, "Anybody that didn't know

As the door shut behind Ross, Philip said gently, "Anybody that didn't know Ross might think he was a—well a four-flusher. But we know he'd give either of us the shirt off his back—"

He felt for her hand and held it very tight. She looked up at him with sudden questioning. Had he, perhaps, always understood Ross, and simply taken him for his good points instead of his bad? The way you did in any friendship or, she thought with a little choke of pure happiness, in any marriage—?

She settled closer to the rough sleeve and thought, I'm not jealous, and I don't want to laugh at Ross now . . . I'll never laugh at him . . . because it's with Ross Philip is going to war. But it's to me he'll come back when it's all over. The darlings! Philip and I must always keep a spare room for Ross



Why can't I get Copper pipe? You plumbers say it's the best!

"IT IS, Mr. Jones, there's no better water pipe than copper, but every available pound is needed to help win this war."

"Well, why is copper so important? Wouldn't some other metal do?"

"No indeed. Copper combines corrosion-resistance, strength and easy working qualities to better advantage than any other metal. That's why copper is so good for plumbing, roofing, rain disposal systems, screens and hardware. And these same qualities make copper and its alloys doubly desirable for shell bands, cartridge cases, time fuses and many vitally important parts of ships, tanks and planes."

"Well, isn't there more copper being produced these days?"

"I'll say there is! There's 'way more! Why, out at the Anaconda plant, they've stepped up production to over four times what it normally was in peacetime!"

"Four times as much! Say, that's really something, isn't it?"

Yes, it really is, but our fighting men need all of that, and more. Every man and woman at Anaconda knows this, too. They realize that every minute of their time and every ounce of their effort are vitally important in giving our boys the best equipment in the world.

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trying not to cry. The fool—the darling fool—this Philip! She could shake him and kiss him and adore him the rest of her life for being just this kind of a fool. But it didn't look as though she were going to have the chance to. For she realized sickly that they were right back in the old threesome again. "Jessica, Philip and Ross."

The storm had abated. She could see Ross and a mackinawed man slogging along toward them. The man proved to be a member of the snowplow gang coming down from the north. The train was creeping along behind it. The conductor had sent word he would hold

Philip was grateful to the conductor, but beaming toward Ross. The mackinawed man joined in the approval chorus. "Mighty lucky this young feller had a good bump of direction, or we'd never have found you. Nothing harder than to locate folks lost in a storm." Philip added soberly, "You saved our lives, old man."

Jessica turned expectantly toward Ross. Now he would tell about the wire. But Ross only grinned modestly.

Why, he wasn't going to tell! Her mouth tucked in grimly. If he didn't tell, she would. She'd watch for a spot where his tracks beside the wire gave him away. After such a build-up, he'd look like an ass. Hardy rescuer. She and Philip would laugh him out of the role and out of their lives.

They set off, with Philip helped by the two men. She could see how adroitly Ross had kept away from the wire on his return trip with the snowplow man.

Wearily they slid down the last slope and saw the train chuffing expectantly. Here was her chance. In the protected gully by the tracks Ross's footprints, following close beside the low-slung wire, had not filled in with snow. From within the day coach Philip would have a ringside view of the whole silly fraud.

They stopped for breath at the train steps. "Good old train-good old conductor!" exulted Ross. "Because tonight's our Canteen Follies and I've got to be there. I'm on the Welcome Committee and there's a rumor that Kay Francis is coming! It'll be Carol Landis next week—I hope. I hope." He gave an eye-rolling, Charles Boyer sigh. "If there's one thing I like better than a dizzy blonde, it's a dizzy brunette!"

Four years of this, she thought, of listening to Ross in the role of Campus Casanova. Now she was through! . . . And then she heard a chuckle. She looked up and caught the affectionate twinkle in the glance Philip cast at Ross. And all the hard, bitter resolve oozed out of her. She couldn't do it. That look on Philip's face was her undoing.

When they had got Philip settled in the seat, Jessica reached up and quietly pulled the shade to shut out the view. That tired gesture was the measure of her defeat.

Draping himself over the next seat, Ross rambled on, "Yeah, too bad Philip's blind to all the pretty visiting fire-ladies. But he's always been a oneman dog, Jessica-carrying your picture in his watch all these years. Isn't it about time you two put each other out of your misery? Well, I guess I'll roam up ahead and see if I can't hurry this train up. I'd hate to be late for a date with Kay Francis!" Swaggering a little, he sauntered out.

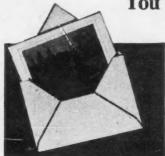


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It is every wife's right to know certain facts. Her greatest happiness, her physical and mental well-being may be at stake. She cannot go by what others tell; she must know. For even today thousands of innocent young women unknowingly use over-strong solutions of acids for the douche which can actually burn, scar and even desensitize delicate tissue.

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First Six Months

Balloons or bright-colored paper streamers or feather cockades to tie on the foot of his bed, where he can watch them bobbing about.

Rattles-light but strong if possible. The dumbbell-shaped ones are easy to grasp.

Colored wooden beads on a string.

Soft rubber or stuffed cotton dolls or animals. You can make the cotton ones at home. Be sure they are washable, as

this is a hand-to-mouth period. Squeaky toys—provided the squeaks

Six to Twelve Months

Those previously listed.

Balls; toys that rock—or are weighted on the bottom and bob up when pushed

Small wooden blocks—one-inch size. Nested blocks or bowls. Floating toys for bath.

Twelve to Eighteen Months

Those previously listed.

Colored peg boards—with large pegs. Wooden trains. You can make these out of eight-inch sections of two by four scantling. Put a hook on one end and a screw eye on the other. You can make wheels out of half spools, but they do very well even without them. You can build up an engine by nailing on smaller blocks and spools.

Carts, wagons, brooms, pails and shovels. Wheelbarrow—best with two front wheels. "Unbreakable" doll and doll carriage.

Eighteen to Thirty-six Months

Those previously listed.

Kiddie car with pedal. Wooden boats to push on floor—these can be made at home. Large colored wooden beads-to string on long shoelaces. Unbreakable dishes. Small tables and chairs. Thick cravons. Plasticine.

Paints-opaque water colors in small jars are good. Blunt scissors and colored paper. Large blocks-made of two by four scantling. Large hollow ones are even better.

After three years the child may be ready for a hammer, nails and a smallsized regular saw. Don't buy a toy saw -it won't cut anything and may put your child off carpentry for life! Picture books—at first the indestructible kind are also good gifts. These lists of course are not complete but will at least give you something to work on. It is encouraging to think, too, that these little youngsters won't be nearly so critical of your handiwork as you are yourself.

If you have any questions on child health or training, write to Dr. Robertson, c/o Child Health Clinic, Chatelaine, 481 University Ave., Toronto. +

Workers Must Eat

Chatelaine's New Service Bulletin No. 2207

Sixteen pages of practical information on food for fitness. Eighty lunch box menus for every season of the year. Planning the Three Squares. Canada's official food rules.

15 cents per individual copy.

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FALSE TEETH And True Love

Although Miss Gertrude Gaines had planned

(OR) HOW GERTRUDE GOT HER MAN

To wed within the year.

Her gay romance was nearly wrecked. The reason? Lend an ear:

1. Her false teeth, scrub them as she might, Got dingy, dull and dirty.

Twixt "Denture Breath" and ruined smile, They made her "old" at thirty.

POLIDENT

"Get POLIDENT!" her dentist said, "Its no-brush, no scrub action

Make plates and bridges 'look like new,' Gives instant satisfaction."

3. So straightway Gert got POLIDENT. Her wedding? Very nice!

THE MORAL:

All who wear false teeth Should take the same advice!



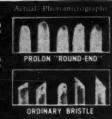


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"Prolon" is our trade name for the very finest grade of this synthetic bristle.

PROLON—No Finer Bristle Made

Among these new synthetic bristles being marketed under various trade names, none is finer... none is more durable... none is more costly to produce than Prolon, the synthetic bristle in the Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush.

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66 - Chatelaine, December, 1943

Toys for Youngsters

By Elizabeth Chant Robertson, M.D.



OST OF us have some little youngsters on our Christmas list, and often it's hard to decide what kind of toys they would enjoy most. There are three general rules about playthings that are worth remembering: First, they should be sturdy. Normal preschool youngsters are always rough with their toys—that is what we should expect—so flimsy delicate toys aren't worth buying. Second, they must be safe so the child can't hurt himself on them. Therefore those with sharp edges or points are not suitable for little youngsters. Third, the best ones can be used in several different ways. A many-purpose toy is the kind to get if you can find one. For instance, a good-sized wooden truck can serve as a fire-reel, a delivery wagon, a boat or a tank, depending on the game that is afoot. Mechanical toys are not nearly so interesting to the young child because they can only do one thing, and even at

that adults usually have to be on hand to wind them up.

Toys can be grouped into three classes. First, those that develop the child's muscular power and skill, such as kiddie cars and tricycles. Second, those that develop his imagination, such as brooms, shovels, or clothes for dressing up in. Third, ones with which he can make something—for example plasticine or saws, hammers and wood. All of these kinds help to develop the child and add to his pleasure.

Toy shopping isn't so simple now as it used to be. Many of the old standbys are not to be found today, but if you are smart with tools or your needle you can produce some fine homemade substitutes. If you paint them, be sure to use paint that contains no lead, so that the child won't poison himself if he chews them. Here are a few suggestions for children of different ages.

♣ Continued on next page

Save Your Clothes

Get another season's wear out of them

It's patriotic now to make materials last and give longer service. When garments or household furnishings begin to fade, tint or dye them with Diamond Dyes. Many fabrics contain mixed cotton, silk or wool, so when in doubt, get white envelope Diamond Dyes. Equally safe for all fabrics. Sixteen lovely colours to select from.

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-If Its "OGILVIE" Its Good!

As the Editor Sees It

Mary-Etta Macpherson, Chatelaine's Managing Editor, arrived in Britain just in time to cable her editorial for this issue. Miss Macpherson will write a series of articles for Chatelaine, telling Canadian women about the life and activities of our girls in the Services overseas; what the wives and mothers want to know about their soldier sons and husbands—how and what they eat, how they live and how they spend their leaves; human interest stories of the Briffsh wartime scene



THE EMBARKATION officer had engaged in friendly chitchat while examining my documents and passport. "It should be a good trip," he said. "You'll feel better after a week or two at sea."

I hadn't been prepared for that. I had expected warnings about blackouts and censorship, I was resigned to the necessity of sleeping in my clothes, and I had hoped to surprise myself by facing an enemy torpedoing with something that would pass for calmness, if not courage. Indeed, until the moment I walked up the gangway and down the promenade deck of one of the stoutest small ships that sail our dangerous seas, I had held to the typical landlubber's fallacy, namely, that I was "taking a ship" and embarking on an individual project in which my own small decisions would figure importantly.

But I have learned. One no longer takes a ship in the old light-minded fashion. It is the ship that takes one. It is the captain who takes the ship, the commodore who takes the convoy, the escort that guides the commodore and sweeps a path for this great community of vessels moving ever forward through November fog and swelling indigo seas. Here at an unknown point on the great circle route across the North Atlantic anyone with eyes to see can get a basic training in teamwork and the cheerful ordering of responsibility. The huge freighter off our starboard bow is hidden in the impenetrable greyness, but she shows a thought for us in the trailing fog buoy which throws up a jet of water straight and jolly like a fountain and enough to make a landscape gardener lick his lips in envy. Each ship thus protects her neighbor as each moves steadily forward in her stated place in the convoy columns. Far out beyond the flotilla are the fighting craft—the corvettes that bob and toss and dart about like gnats in a rain barrel, the

armed trawlers, the lean destroyers which a few hours ago paused astern of a clumsy tanker and sucked in their lifeblood of fuel oil through a hose.

Later, when the fog lifts, the commodore will hoist his flag signals, the message will pass from mast to mast, and within one minute the farthest grey shape on the horizon—perhaps a Greek or Dutch merchantman—will have its new orders. There is an interdependence here and an immediacy of response which puts fresh meaning into the term "United Nations."

And there is an allied unity too within this neat grey ship. Canada is written clearly on scores of khaki shoulders, and inside every breast pocket is at least one snapshot of the wife and kids at home-in Belleville, or Winnipeg, or Sherbrooke. Canada sent the cargo also: hundreds of tons of prime Nova Scotia apples, frozen meat, dried fish and, perhaps most important of all, vast chunky pyramids of Christmas mail for our fighting men abroad. A precious shipload, and no one knows it better than the captain. I am grateful for the captain. His English is far from pure. One has to listen closely to understand, but his eyes of piercing Nordic blue have been estimating men and events and ships and weather for forty years, and they convey a confidence which no fine phrases could improve. One feels that he was trained and saved for this particular moment of responsibility, one is glad that he is the sort who will, if necessary, venture everything yet never take a frivolous risk.

Thinking it over while I watch the fog lift and the blackish ski slopes of water roll toward and under us, I believe the embarkation official was right after all. I feel better about practically everything this week or two at sea.

Mary. Elle Mach her son

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December, 1943

Chatelaine

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Contents	
FICTION	
Threesome	
Our Night to How!	10
What Love Really is	
GENERAL ARTICLES	
My Neighbor Pearl S. Buck	
Ladies-in-Chief Rosa L. Shaw	1
Why Our Women Must Fight on All-Out War	
Joseph Wechsherg	13
Where Are You New, Polya? Rebecca Janney Timbres	品
BEAUTY CULTURE	
Heady Stuff Adele White	
Beauty Brevities	20
FASHION	
"Coming, Mother"	31
Contrasts Are News (pattern)	34
Fashion Shorts Kay Murphy	3
Lasi-Minute Gift Ideas Marie Le Ceri	45
HOUSEKEEPING	
The Day Seiore Christman Helen G. Campbell	51
Old-Fashloned Christmas Helen G. Campbell	52
Media of the Month	54
Christmas Jollings	54
"Home on Leave"	
YOUR HOME	
Festive Notes Freda James	
REGULAR DEPARTMENTS	
Fereward and Footnotes	
Cild Health Clinic Elisabeth Chant Robertson, M.D.	-
the Editor Sees It Mary-Etta Macpherson	Q.
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